



M^{rs} Mary Fast.

Engraved by W. Helli from an Original Painting.

Memoirs
OF THE
LIFE OF
MRS. MARY TAFT;
FORMERLY
MISS BARRITT.

—
WRITTEN BY HERSELF.
—

With a Portrait.

PART I.

(The Profits will be devoted to Charitable Purposes.)

“There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.” Gal. iii. 28.—“But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence.” 1 Cor. i. 27, 28, 29.—“God requireth that which is just.” Eccles. iii. 15.

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PREFACE.

I AM aware, that some plausible objections might be urged against the measure of *publishing any thing relating to one's own life and proceedings*. In general, I myself object to it, from considerations of delicacy and propriety: nevertheless, I think, in this, as well as in most general cases, *some exceptions are* allowable; especially, where a person acts from a pressing conviction of its being a duty. I can assure the reader, that nothing less than such a conviction could have induced me to publish.

The Rev. John Wesley published the *journal* of his own life and labours in periodical numbers; also, *sketches* of the lives and labours of some of the travelling preachers who helped him in the work of the ministry. It is generally admitted that those publications, especially the journals, were of essential service to the cause of TRUTH, even during the life of their venerable author. He acted in a very extraordinary manner, and extraordinary effects were produced. Many and various were the opinions of men, respecting his labours—and the motives which influenced him in his proceedings. Some said one thing: some another. He took up his pen in vindication of his motives and conduct; both of which had been grossly and shamefully misrepresented and traduced. I think no candid person can read Mr.

Wesley's journals—his appeals to men of reason and religion—and what he wrote in vindication of his own character, without being fully convinced, that he acted from the best of motives, and that he had an extraordinary call *so to act*. It is to be expected however, that, so long as sin and Satan have any place and influence among men—so long, there will never be wanting persons, inclined to misrepresent and traduce the motives and proceedings of the most upright and piously disposed.

Perhaps there are but few, if any, in this island, now moving in public spheres of action, whose motives and measures have been more grossly misrepresented and vilified than those of the writer of this little narrative. Suffer me then to speak for myself. Perhaps I should have done this sooner. Indeed, the following sheets were partly prepared for publication when Mr. Taft travelled in the Birstal circuit, (eighteen years ago) with a design to publish at that time; and they were submitted to the inspection of three travelling preachers for their opinion and advice. Mr. Bradburn, who then travelled in the Wakefield circuit, said to Mr. Taft, after having perused them, "Mrs. Taft's journal should be corrected, and then published every where." Mr. Bramwell also, read them, but as he expressed himself as having doubts upon his mind respecting the propriety of their being *then* published, they were laid aside.

I have of late been looking over what I had written, and while doing this, I felt a conviction that I ought to publish, at least, some extracts from my journal. The stars which appear here and there at the end of some of the paragraphs, denote, *the omission of certain incidents* which I do not at present feel free to publish; but

which may be added in an enlarged edition at some future time. I feel fully persuaded that these extracts should have been made public sooner; especially in those parts of God's vineyard which I was sent to cultivate. Such a measure might, at least, have softened down the prejudices of some, on their being made acquainted with the *way* in which the Lord was pleased to lead me; and the *necessity* which *He* had laid upon me to act in that extraordinary manner, which has exposed me to the *evil surmisings* and *vile aspersions* of very many. It might also, have proved a source of high gratification and encouragement to those, whom the Lord raised up, to stand by and assist me, in "*the day of small and feeble things*:" and more especially to the spiritual children, whom the Lord gave me in almost every journey I took: for, praised be his holy name, *He* did not send me a warfare at my own charge. He has often encouraged and strengthened me in the work, by owning my efforts with fruit, and filling me with the consolations of his grace and the power of the Holy Ghost.

But hitherto, I have remained silent, or only complained to the Lord, while the scourge of cruel tongues has been upon me; yet, notwithstanding I was ever willing to bear it so long, and so far, as the Lord was pleased to permit—perhaps it would have been better, had I used the means God had put in my power, to have vindicated my character and conduct, at least, so far, as such means might have been subservient to this end. I am however, fully sensible of the truth and importance of the Apostle's declaration, 2 Tim. iii. 12. "*All that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution*:" and, perhaps in some proportion to our piety, faithful-

ness, and usefulness—will be our persecutions from a wicked world, erring spirits, and prejudiced minds.

I believe, there never yet existed any, singularly useful in the Church of God, who have not been opposed by their fellow-creatures in their benevolent career of doing good. Some of these opposers have been professors of religion: others, such even as were sustaining important and useful offices in the Church. This appears mysterious—something for which we cannot account, but on the supposition of such persons acting under the control of unhallowed dispositions—diabolical tempers—or (to judge as charitably as we possibly can,) an erring judgment.

Satan is particularly enraged against those who are most likely to injure his cause—who are the most holy and useful, or who are labouring after holiness and usefulness; hence, he is particularly active in endeavouring to subvert their influence, and of course prevent their usefulness among God's professing people; and, they will sometimes find their greatest opposers to be some who are enrolled among that people. This, at times, constrains them to say with David, "*Had it been an enemy I could have borne it, &c.*" This has frequently been my greatest grief; for all that I have suffered from the world in the way of reproach and slander, is little in comparison with what I have suffered from some professors of religion, as well as even ministers of the gospel; but to their own Master I leave them. I have never sought any redress in human courts, though in several instances I might have had it: I remember who hath said, Matt. v. 11. "*Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.*"

In the midst of all, God hath given me his approving smile, and a blessed consciousness that I was acting under his divine sanction and influence; and with purity of intention, designing *only* to promote his glory among men, and the real good of my fellow-creatures. These have been my constant support under powerful temptation, fierce persecution, and severe affliction. In addition to this, the Lord has graciously raised me up numerous friends, the remembrance of whose kindness and attention is engraven on my heart in indelible characters; and he has given me very many living epistles of evangelical truth, "*seen, and read, and known of all men.*" Many of these, God hath appointed to occupy very important offices in his church; several of whom are travelling preachers; while others are labouring for God in a more limited sphere as local preachers. These are my letters of recommendation, written as with the finger of God; and these I expect to be my crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. Many of them have gone to their reward in heaven. O, that all they that remain may be found faithful unto death, that not a hoof of them may be left behind! May the Lord of his infinite mercy grant, that when the sun has done shining—the marble tombs are burst asunder—and the graves give up their dead, I may with them be enabled to welcome the approaching Judge, and stand with boldness before his throne!

"When he comes triumphant
Dooming the nations; then ascend to glory;
While our Hosannahs, all along the passage,
Shout the Redeemer."

As it respects the following pages, it may not be amiss to observe, that notwithstanding the incidents therein related, are all founded in

truth—yet, there may be some mistakes as it respects the *dates*, or exact time of their occurrence, on account of my having frequently deferred noting them down until I had returned home to my mother, after journeys of several weeks, and sometimes several months continuance. It is not to be wondered at, that I have omitted recording many journeys, and of course, many important and interesting events relating both to myself and others that transpired during those journeys; and that I have occasionally given wrong dates—when it is considered that my time was generally fully occupied in travelling from place to place, holding public meetings, praying with souls in distress, and keeping up an almost uninterrupted correspondence with preachers and others in various parts of the kingdom: and when it is also recollected, that, on several occasions, a considerable portion of time elapsed (on which account many things might easily escape my memory,) before I could attend to my journal at all: add to this, I was at times so greatly indisposed in body, as not to be able to attend to this matter; and sometimes, as wholly to incapacitate me for the work of the Lord.

I also wish to observe, that it has always been a rule with me, never to go to any place to labour, without a previous invitation from the travelling preacher, as well as the friends of the circuit I visited. As a member of the methodist connexion, I conceived this to be my bounden duty; more especially, as the superintendent preachers are responsible to the Conference for those whom they employ in any public way in the circuits over which they preside. I do not know that I have ever deviated from this rule, excepting in a few instances, when I have been so sensible of its being my duty, and the will of

God, for me to go, that I durst not at the peril of my soul neglect going. This line of conduct however, I confess, has in some few instances, exceedingly grieved some of my best friends, which has caused me to weep in secret before the Lord. It hath sometimes happened, that a preacher would not consent for any female to exhort sinners to come to the gospel feast—and though I had many friends in his circuit, and some spiritual children whom I could have visited, and the withstanding of whose solicitations gave me considerable pain—yet, I have waited *one*, and sometimes *two* years before myself and friends could be gratified in this particular. The Lord only knows what I have felt on those occasions.

Should any, in perusing the following pages, be awakened to a sight and sense of their lost estate as sinners; any, stimulated to greater earnestness in the making of their "*calling and election sure*;" any, excited to run with greater diligence the heavenly race; or, any, restored to the light of God's reconciled countenance—the writer will be more than compensated for all the pains she has taken in preparing her journal for publication.

God grant his blessing. Amen.

MARY TAFT.

RIPON WESLEYAN CHAPEL-HOUSE,

January, 1827.

DEDICATION.

To all those unto whom the Great Head of the Church has made me instrumental of good to their Souls; and to all those Methodist Ministers who have invited me to labour in their respective Circuits; and to all those who have taken, or invited me into their respective houses---the following narration of facts is humbly inscribed by their

Affectionate Friend,

And devoted Servant.

MARY TAFT.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE OF MRS. MARY TAFT,

COMPILED FROM HER JOURNALS, AND OTHER AUTHENTIC
DOCUMENTS.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

*Some account of the Lord's gracious dealings with me
from my infancy to the present time.*

MARY TAFT.

I was born at Hay, near Colne, in Lancashire, in August, 1772,* of creditable parents in middling circumstances. My mother joined the Methodist Society, and found peace with God when I was about half a year old; and continued happy in the saving knowledge of God, and the brightening prospects of eternity, to the day of her death. She died at our house, at Castle Donnington, in the year 1811.—My brother John was brought to God about the same time.—My father was much opposed to every thing sacred and divine, until his last illness, when he was brought to the knowledge of God, and died in

* The following is a copy of the register :—" 1772, Baptisms. August 12. Mary, daughter of John and Mary Barritt, of Hay."
—" The above is a correct copy or extract from the register of baptisms kept in the parochial chapel of Colne, in the County of Lancaster, as witness my hand this 24th day of June, 1826.—
J. Henderson, Incumbent Curate of Colne.

the faith of the gospel. My mother, (as well as myself, after I was brought to the knowledge of the truth) suffered much opposition from my father, but she steadily persevered, and patiently suffered, being "Bold to take up, firm to sustain, the consecrated cross."

From about seven years of age the Lord graciously strove with me, particularly by dreams and visions of the night, insomuch that I sometimes thought I saw the devil coming in dreadful forms to drag me away. At other times I thought I was on the verge of a pit of fire, and have cried out so loud as to awake and alarm the family. When I awoke from these frightful dreams, I promised the Lord, if he would spare me till morning, I would live a new life; but when I saw the light, and my brothers and sister, my resolutions vanished away like the morning cloud or early dew. I put it off by saying to myself I will be better by and by: indeed I was frequently sensible of my lost condition, my unfitness to die and to meet a holy God. When in the fields and alone in the house I was frequently led to pray that God would be merciful to my soul, especially when it thundered and lightened, or when there was any particular accident, affliction, or death in the neighbourhood.

It is with some peculiar feelings of gratitude, and praise to Almighty God that I record some providential deliverances in my infant days. The *first*, of which I have but a faint recollection, happened when I was about two years old, the effects of which I shall carry with me to the grave. Our first meal, or breakfast, was made of oatmeal and water, which we supped with a little milk. The pottage when just poured out were by my own hand accidentally pulled down upon my breast, and so dreadful were the effects

that my life was despaired of for many weeks. The *second* happened when I was about four years of age. My brother being employed upon the farm in removing earth, would indulge me with a ride in the empty cart: unfortunately, the cart overturned, the side of which fell upon the back of my head, and crushed my face with violence upon the ground. I was taken up for dead—and indeed life was nearly extinct, but a profusion of blood issuing from my nostrils, much relieved me, and I presently recovered. The *third*, and the most awful providence, happened when I was about nine years of age. My father and the whole family, except my mother, consisting of five brothers and one sister, were all confined to their rooms and beds by a violent fever. I took the fever, it was thought, in consequence of a severe cold taken in having my feet wet, and remaining in that condition without shifting my stockings, or informing my mother of my situation: indeed this I dared not do, having ventured to take a step which was thought exceedingly improper, and which it was my study to conceal, till I knew the event. The fact was this. My brother *James*, in the height of fever, and when delirious as well as when sensible, most pityfully begged for a pint of *Lee Well water*, which is a fine spring of water called by that name, in one part of my father's land, about a quarter of a mile from our house. From affectionate feelings for my brother, and unknown to my mother, I went to this spring, and brought a large pitcher full of water, and gave him about a pint, which he drank with greediness; but though I suffered for this in my own person, being confined for a length of time in consequence, yet I never repented of it, as my brother *James* began to recover from the time he drank the water.

When I was about twelve years and a half old, my brother John's first wife died. It was a loud call to me, for I loved her much; and seeing my dear brother's distress, I felt as if I could have died to restore her to him again; but for this I knew I was not ready. For a fortnight after, I wept and prayed much. I saw something very amiable in religious characters; indeed true religion appeared to me the one thing needful:—but in a few weeks these impressions wore off, and I returned to my companions to play, which I was particularly fond of. About the Christmas following, as I returned home one sabbath-day evening, I found my mother weeping. She appeared much grieved with me, and said, "Mary, if thou intendest to live another sabbath, as thou hast lived this, thou shalt not live in the house I am in." I got my supper and went to bed, determining in my mind to leave home in the morning, and go to live at a neighbour's house, of the name of John Speak, where I thought I could live without being talked to as I was in my present situation. While I was thus determining, I meditated where my best clothes were, that I might find them and be off before our family got up—and as I closed mine eyes for sleep, (it is yet fresh on my memory, and not to be forgotten,) in an instant of time there was an amazing change: it was to me as if a voice had spoke "*But who knows whether thou wilt be alive in the morning or not.*" In a moment it seemed to me as if all the sins of my life were placed in array before me, and I cried out, nay Lord, that I do not know. My resolution of leaving my mother instantly left me, and I felt a greater desire to seek a pardon for all my sins. I saw clearly I deserved to go to hell; and I fully believe that had I not obeyed

that call, my day of grace had been sooner over than many. I, that night, wept myself asleep, and when I awoke, my resolutions of devoting myself to the Lord, and being wholly his, were not gone as formerly. From that night I set out in earnest to seek the Lord. That I attribute under God, partly to the earnest prayers of my dear mother, and my brother, who was gone out as a travelling preacher among the Methodists. At this time my brother travelled in the Otley circuit; and on his first coming to Pateley Bridge, a good woman asked him, what brothers and sisters he had? He told her; but added, "I have one that I fear will break my mother's heart: she is such a careless child."—I believe this was the night, God more fully awakened my soul.—It is likely he would be more particularly engaged for me that night, as my mother was, because of my particular wickedness in breaking the sabbath.—Indeed sabbath-breaking, telling untruths to get out to play, and grieving my mother, were my three crying sins. * * * *

I sought the Lord better than half a year in public and in private; at every preaching, hearing for myself as though there had not been another person in all the place. On the sabbath days I often walked *alone* from my father's house to *Colne* three times, a distance of more than *two miles*, and on the week days to the evening preaching; also to the morning five o'clock preaching; for from the night above mentioned I gave up all sin and trifling, and all my sinful companions. Such were my convictions and distress of mind, that the salvation of my soul swallowed up every other consideration; and I well remember one sabbath as I was going to hear preaching, three or four of my old companions surrounded me in one of my father's fields;

one said one thing, and another another, such as I was going beside myself, and my father would have to take me to the madhouse, &c. When they had done speaking, I looked them in the face and said, "*I am determined upon this one thing, that if you will not go with me to heaven, I will not go with you to hell.*" At this they seemed thunderstruck, and said no more; so I passed on my way, looking up and praying for mercy and salvation, having no companion, there being no young person whom I knew that had any concern for their salvation.

The day I found peace with God, I had heard Mr. Samuel Bardsley preach from Matt. xvii. 20. "*If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.*" I saw plainly this faith was what I wanted, and felt determined not to rest without it. I wept and prayed much under the word, and as I returned home I wept and looked up, and thought the sky might justly come down upon me, and I drop into hell. When I got home I went up into my chamber, and though the sun was up, and shone with brightness, it was as midnight to me. I kneeled down and prayed about an hour, but rose in the same distress: I could see nothing but a yawning hell, and an angry God before me. I then kneeled down a second time, but rose more miserable than before. After a little while I kneeled down a third time, and determined not to rise without the Lord would forgive all my sins; for I was distressed beyond measure, and almost chose strangling rather than life. Just when I was ready to despair of the mercy of God, and about to give it up all for lost, in a moment these words were

applied to my heart:—" *Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee.*" I said yea Lord, I know, I feel they are. My sorrow was fled, love and joy sprung up in my heart. I was ready to shout,

"Come all the world, come sinner thou,
All things in Christ, are ready now."

In the morning my mother saw the change, though I had said nothing to her.—She said, "Mary, what is the matter with thee this morning?" I answered, "Mother, God has pardoned all my sins." She wept, and we praised God together.

"O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast shew'd!
That I a child of wrath and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God,
Should know, should feel my sins forgiv'n,
Blest with this antepast of heaven!"

The change that was wrought in my soul soon evidenced itself to all around me; for, from the time of my being awakened, to this period, my sorrow was so great that it drank up my spirits; and my mother observed to many, that she never saw a smile on my countenance. But now I could smile, and rejoice, and praise God. I now loved my mother, and strove in all things to obey her commands.

But I would observe, to the glory of God and to the honour of his restraining grace, I was strictly honest, and as some would say scrupulously exact. When I was about ten or eleven years of age, having been on an errand for my mother, I plucked three or four cherries that hung over the road, but was immediately so conscious of the iniquity of such a conduct that I durst not eat one of them; and after I had kept them several days I threw them away.—At

another time I went to the place where my mother kept her silver, and took sixpence, but was so sensible of my wickedness and depravity on account of it, that I had scarce any rest. I durst not take the money back, lest it should be discovered that I had taken it, till at last I resolved to give it to my brother James.—But when I was awakened and converted to God, I saw it my privilege immediately to join God's people; I did so, and took the first opportunity of informing them what God had done for my soul. The friends received me kindly, gave me the right hand of fellowship, and we praised God together for what he had wrought in my soul.—I have by the grace of God continued among his people to this day; and as I never repented the giving God my heart, so I never repented uniting with his people. I have ever been attached to the Methodist doctrine and discipline; and am more than ever convinced how much it would be for the spiritual good of those who are brought to the saving knowledge of the truth to unite with the followers of the *Lamb*. * * *

Very soon after I was converted to God, I felt much concern for the happiness of my neighbours, and took every opportunity of talking to, and praying with, and for them. I saw clearly that poor sinners were exposed to the most tremendous danger through sin, and felt particularly desirous of preventing their ruin; hence, I took every opportunity of inviting them to hear the word of God preached, and felt very thankful when the preacher spoke to the consciences of the people, and faithfully warned them of their danger; while he directed the mourners in Zion to the wounds of a crucified Saviour, and pointed them to “the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world;” and endeavoured to build up the

believers "on their most holy faith." Wherever these were wanting, I conceived the end of preaching to be lost, and felt much pain to sit under such discourses, however fine or eloquent, inso-much that I frequently wept when under the word to see the people careless, inattentive, and unconcerned; or to hear the preacher use expressions, or speak in a style which I knew the people could not understand. I kept wishing and praying as I went to hear sermons, that God would come with his servant—that he would give him purity of intention, a single eye to his glory, and enable him to preach a present and a free salvation—that he might preach "*repentance towards God, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and holiness without which no man shall see the Lord*"—and that he would do it in plain scripture language, that the people might all understand. I wished the way to heaven to be made as plain from the pulpit, as it was in the scriptures, that a way-faring man though a fool (as touching human knowledge or scholastic learning) might not err therein. * * * *

I not only attended all the means of grace, and began to exhort the people from house to house, and many times with tears told them the danger they were in, and exhorted them to flee from the wrath to come—but I began to pray in the prayer-meetings. The first time was one Sunday evening. After several had sung and prayed, one of the class-leaders called upon me to pray. I did so; and the Spirit of the Lord came upon me in an extraordinary manner, so that I entered into the spirit of my duty, not of praying merely, but of exhortation.—I faithfully warned sinners of their danger, and exhorted penitents to come to God through Christ; but as we returned home, the same leader advised

me, when I felt disposed to give an exhortation again, that I would stand, and face the people.

I continued from this time to assist in the prayer-meetings, and very frequently gave a word of exhortation from a verse of a hymn, from any providential occurrence in the neighbourhood, or from what came immediately from above, just as the Spirit of the Lord led me:—but I met with much opposition and many trials from my dear father, who at that time was very averse to true religion, and made my way very rough; but I felt determined by the grace of God to save my soul, and do his will; and though I laboured and worked exceedingly hard, doing any thing my father commanded me, yet I found my soul exceedingly happy. I have since had reason to bless God for this, having by it so strengthened my body and constitution, as to enable me to go through that fatigue and labour which otherwise I could never have endured.

Several persons came to me at my father's, while at labour, to inform me of the good they had received in the meetings I had attended; and numbers came to invite me to different places to pray with the sick, to talk with others about their souls, and to keep public meetings; so that after I had worked hard all the day with my hands, I had frequently to go two, three, or four miles, with a few friends in the evening to hold meetings.

About this time (1791) I suffered from a quarter I did not expect. The superintendent preacher, Mr. *Collins*, told some friends that unless I immediately gave over exhorting and praying in meetings, the next time he came he would put me out of the society.—The cause of his speaking thus was, as follows. Christopher Lister,

a local preacher, was appointed to preach at *Gisborn*, a village in the Colne circuit; and I had to hold a meeting at *Rimington*, two miles distant, at the same time. The day following, Mr. Lister went to Mr. Collins, and told him—he went to Gisborn, but had no congregation, except some old women and children, all having gone after the *lass*; adding, “if you don’t stop her, I shall give up my plan.” Mr. Collins replied, “I will stop her the next time I am in Colne.” But to the honour of this good man (Mr. Lister) be it spoken, that, when he saw the arm of the Lord made bare, and sinners brought to God in every direction, he declared to some friends, that he should ever think it an honour to sit behind me in the pulpit, in order to snuff the candles for me; and he continued in this mind to the day of his death.

When I heard that I was to be turned out of the Methodist Society for praying and exhorting sinners to turn to Christ, I felt it exceedingly. I counted the cost, but concluded to obey God rather than man.—I valued the having my name among God’s people, but I thought more highly of its being enrolled in the book of life, and I believed if I did not occupy the talent God had given me, he would blot it out of his book; therefore I durst not desist, and with a degree of painful anxiety waited my expulsion; but before the preacher came in his regular turn, he was ordered from his circuit for immorality of conduct, and he has since come to an untimely end. Here I saw the providential interposition of my heavenly Father; and I fully believed he would stand by me through life. * * *

Soon after this, another preacher came to my father’s, to desire I would give over speaking and praying in public—to which I replied, “I will, if you will answer for me at the day of

judgment, for the one talent God hath given me?" but he went away saying, "that I cannot do."—It may not be amiss to observe here, that most of the preachers who have violently opposed my labours, and endeavoured to injure my character, have left the connexion, and several of them, I fear, have turned to the world and sin.

* * * *

I continued at home until my seventeenth year, when my brother and sister Barritt prevailed upon me to go with them to the Isle of Man. There I continued to labour a little for the Lord, and the good of souls, as he opened my way; and have reason to believe the Lord was well pleased with such feeble efforts, by crowning them with his blessing.—For seven or eight weeks that I attended the prayer-meetings, I never heard a prayer offered up in my own language, as the people of the island then addressed the Almighty in the *Manx* language. This gave me much pain of mind, and I told them, I could not think of praying any more, unless some one of them would pray in English, that I might be benefitted. They did so; and many blessed seasons we had, while many voices resounded, "GLOR AS ANNINAMAD!" which is, "GLORY BE TO THEE, O LORD!"

In this island, about Christmas, while my brother Barritt and Mr. Jonathan Brown were conversing upon the subject of sanctification as believed and enjoyed among the Methodists, I saw it to be my privilege, and while they were praying, was enabled to believe for the blessing. My soul triumphed in the God of its salvation. Then I could say with the poet,

"Jesus all the day long, was my joy and my song,
Oh! that all his salvation may see,
He hath lov'd me I cried, he hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me."

But I did not long continue in this glory. I sunk from my centre and mourned my loss. I lost this blessing in the following manner:—My sister said to my brother when I was present, “Mary is praying every where.” I thought as quick as lightening, “my sister is displeased at me for prayer.”—I immediately felt displeased at her. I had no sooner done so, but it was suggested to my mind, “if thou didst enjoy, what thou thoughtest thou didst, thou wouldst not feel displeased.” In that moment I was shorn of my strength, and I knew what I had lost. I was further tempted to believe I could not enjoy it, while I lived there; and here Satan gained his point; but no doubt I might have regained and lived in the enjoyment of it, had I been faithful. After I had stayed a year here, I returned to my father’s at Colne, where I stayed about two years, and felt my mind much drawn out in earnest desire to be useful to my fellow-creatures, who lay near my heart, both in public and in private. I frequently accompanied the friends to the neighbouring villages, and assisted them to keep prayer-meetings. I was much urged (especially when I was giving out hymns) by the Spirit of God to warn sinners of their danger, and encourage penitents to come to, and venture on Christ. This I sometimes attempted, though more frequently resisted; for at this time I was much prejudiced against women’s speaking in the church, and was led to reason much about it, and to examine myself very closely as touching my motives, and the spirit that influenced me. I was satisfied of the purity of my intention, and soon came to this conclusion—if good, evident and lasting good, be done, and the Lord opens my way—in his name and strength I will continue; being fully sensible that God will not set his seal to a lie. * * * * *

When speaking from a verse of a hymn, or giving a word of exhortation, I frequently found much assistance from above, great liberty and power.—Visible effects were produced: many wept, and some were constrained to roar out for the very disquietude of their souls; while others rejoiced in the liberty of God. I had as yet no intention of enlarging my sphere of action, but the Spirit of the Lord came upon me in a very powerful manner. While I was at a neighbour's house, it came to me on this wise:—Thou must go to *Todmorden*. As yet I knew not that I had ever heard of such a place, but went home as soon as possible, and asked my mother whether there was such a place as *Todmorden*?—She answered, “yes; pray what dost thou want with *Todmorden*?” I said, “I know not, but I must go there.” She told me I might go to William Hartley's, at Mercliff; he would inform me about it. I went early on the sabbath-day, and asked him the same question I had asked my mother: he told me, if I would go with him that day to a love-feast at Heptonstall, we should go by *Todmorden*: we did so: I was led to speak largely, and evident good appeared to be done.—We called at *Todmorden*, and had a powerful time in prayer. This visit was attended with particular good to my soul, as well as others, at brother Heap's house. I retired into a room by myself, and there while I was wrestling with the Lord, I felt greater power to believe and to lay hold on God: I came into the house rejoicing, as if filled with the fulness of God.—I now felt greater love for souls than ever, and a stronger desire to do something for that God who had done so much for me. * * *

Some time before this, when reading the scriptures, I have seen such light into them as I had never done before. While the Lord by

his Spirit hath immediately said, "thou must speak from that,"—I have rose up, thrown down the book, and said in my mind—"I will not look at thee again for a month." Oh! the astonishing mercy, and long-forbearance of God, to bear with my unfaithfulness. I did not now, nor ever have since, wondered much at the conduct of Jonah. Notwithstanding I was still much prejudiced against women's speaking, not understanding the scriptures, or the custom of the oriental nations in not admitting of mixed companies; yet I durst not forbear altogether, though I many times attempted to run from the presence of the Lord, or to shun the work he had assigned me.

* * * * *

When Mr. Lancelot Harrison first came into the Colne circuit, his prejudice against women's preaching was very strong, and he spoke pretty freely against it at several places. My mother thought it best to have a little friendly conversation with him. For this purpose, she went to the chapel-house where he lived, and among other things, asked him, how he understood that passage of scripture—" *Help those women that laboured with me in the gospel, &c.*"—He replied, "my wife helps me when she sweeps the house, makes the bed, mends my clothes, &c."—She replied, "Mr. Harrison, is that the gospel?—then I have done with *you* if that be *your* gospel." Soon after this, we had a love-feast at Colne, in which I spoke, at large, my religious experience, and my whole mind, relative to what I had suffered, and passed through, on account of my call to speak and act for God. Such an unction from above rested upon me, and such a divine influence accompanied what was said, that nearly the whole congregation were in tears. After this,

Mr. W. Sagar, of Southfield, went to Mr. Harrison, and said—" *it is at the peril of your soul that you meddle with Mary Barritt : God is with her—fruit is appearing wherever she goes.*" From this time, Mr. Harrison became my firm friend and advocate ; and afterwards, when he travelled in the Bradford and Redford circuits, he sent for me, and prepared my way, to the utmost of his ability and influence.

I went to Todmorden again ; and to Heptonstall and Underbank about a fortnight afterwards, when numbers were awakened to see their lost condition, and some brought to the knowledge of the truth ; several of whom are safely landed in glory, and others are following "*them who through faith and patience inherit the promises ;*" while a few, I fear, are turned back to Egypt, "*like the dog to his vomit, or the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.*"

* * * * *

After this, that dear woman, Ann Cutler, (now in glory) came to our house, and asked me, if I thought I had any business at home ; to which I abruptly said, " I think I have none any where else, excepting on the sabbath-days." The reason of this was—the sabbath-day preceding I had walked to Ackrington, a distance of ten or twelve miles, and got there about nine o'clock, and found a large congregation waiting for me, to whom I spoke with much freedom and power ; after which, Ann Cutler broke out in prayer. We had a day never to be forgotten. The people assembled again at one o'clock : I spoke, and afterwards Ann Cutler spoke : we continued till five o'clock ; several were *liberated*, and others went away in distress. We began again at seven o'clock, and continued till midnight. The arm of the Lord was made bare : numbers

were wounded and healed: the glory of God was in the midst.

* * * * *

About this time, I walked with brother Hudson, on Sunday morning, to hear Mr. Atmore, and to attend a love-feast at Greetland chapel, a distance of twenty miles. Mr. A. preached at one o'clock, from John iii. 14—" *As Moses lifted up the serpent, &c.*" After preaching, he began the love-feast with singing and prayer; and then said, "as persons were come from many parts to hear of the great good that the Lord had done in, and about, that place, he hoped they would speak as concise as possible; but if the Spirit of God constrained them to prayer, he durst not lift up his voice against them." Presently, a man in the gallery said, "there is a woman here, as if both body and soul were in an agony; will you pray for her?" Mr. A. said, "pray you"—he did so; and all I heard of, speaking in the love-feast, though I was present till half-past six o'clock, was one young man in the gallery, who said, "*about three weeks since I was as wicked as a living devil; but the Lord hath awakened my conscience, and converted my soul, and I hope to praise him for ever.*" The greatest part of the afternoon, Mrs. A., who was with her husband in the pulpit (but now in glory) was employed in enquiring what the distressed wanted, and pointing them (with tears) to the Lamb of God, for deliverance. In the beginning of this meeting—seeing what I conceived to be disorder and confusion, I had many doubts whether it was the work of God; thinking in myself, if this was the way God chose to save souls, my conversion surely was not the genuine work of God; but soon seeing one drop down near me, I pressed through the people, and kneeled down

to pray with her. She soon found God to remove her burden, and speak peace to her heart. When she rose rejoicing, then, I fully saw it to be the work of God, and felt with her a joy unspeakable.—For this meeting, I have cause to bless God to this day. (This revival is noticed by Mr. Atmore, in a letter to Dr. Coke; published in the *Arminian Magazine*, for October, 1795.)

About Christmas, in the year 1793, I had to go to my brother, who then laboured in the Hexham circuit. On my way thither, I called at Pateley Bridge, and stopped a week or more, where I had good times, especially at Lofthouse, Middlesmoor, and at William Reynard's. From thence, I went to Moorheads, where several souls were awakened, and brought to the knowledge of the truth. Two of the friends accompanied me to Middleham, where I met with Mr. James Ridal, who enquired very kindly after my mother and brother; but when he heard from the friends who accompanied me, what the Lord had been doing, he appeared very distant, and continued so all the evening. After supper, he prayed a few words: I then left him, and came down into the house, where we had prayer again. The next morning, we were all invited to take breakfast at a friend's, in the town. As soon as it was over, the master of the house asked me to pray, which I did, with much liberty and feeling. I then took my leave, and pursued my journey over the mountains to Reeth. As I travelled alone, and on foot, I frequently kneeled down to supplicate the throne of mercy, for direction, comfort, and success; and was much blest in these exercises. This journey will never be obliterated from my mind, while reason and memory last. When I was within sight of *Reeth*, I rejoiced exceed-

ingly, kneeled down, and prayed for the whole town. On coming into it, I asked a little girl, if there were any Methodists there—she replied, “O yes; I will shew you.” I followed her till she pointed to a woman, who stood with a child in her arms: I gave the girl a penny, and sent her back. The good woman asked me, who I wanted?—I said, “After I have been at the public-house above, I will come to you.”—She replied, “*come in now*, and tell me, who you are, and what you want.”—I answered, “nay, I may be one of the greatest hypocrites you ever saw, for ought you know.”—She then said, “your face and looks tell me, you are no hypocrite—come in.”—I said, “my name is *Barritt*.”—She replied, “a preacher of that name stayed all night at our house last summer, with his family, who were on their way to Hexham.”—I said, “that is my brother.”—She then said, “you shall not leave my house to-night.”—Presently, her husband came in, and we rejoiced together. After tea, each of us prayed, and it was a good time. I went with them to the prayer-meeting, at which I spoke a little, and prayed: it was a gracious season. Without asking me, the master published for me to speak at five o’clock in the morning. I did so; and many were in tears, and not a few cried aloud for mercy. When we returned, Mr. Peacock said, “it is our market-day, and Thomas Shaw, from Barnard-Castle, comes to our market—I will go with you to speak to him.” We did so; and he said, “let the young woman go with ——— to his house, three miles up the dale, and I will call for her to-morrow morning.” Next morning he came to breakfast with us, when I answered many enquiries relative to my journey. He then asked me to pray; after which, he prayed in a wonderful

manner, for blessings upon, and for me—which prayer has been answered through every period of my life, to the present time. Glory be to God!

In this journey, Mr. Thomas Shaw accompanied me to Garragill, a place in my brother's circuit. On our way, we had many blessed seasons at several places, where we stopped, and held meetings. *Barnard-Castle* was one of them, where much good was done. He delivered me to the care of John Walton, a very pious man, and useful local preacher. We had several powerful meetings before we left Garragill: many were awakened, and several saved, especially on the sabbath-day. On the Monday, we arrived at Hexham, where my brother received us gladly, and the more, because he would have Mr. Walton to preach for him that night, who said, he had no objection, provided he would let his sister go with him into the pulpit, to speak after he had done. My brother hesitated, for he had never heard me himself: he said, I might go into the singing-pew, and speak and pray there. Mr. W. preached in a most powerful manner; after which, he requested me to address the people, which I did: while I was engaged, the Holy Ghost descended in an extraordinary manner, insomuch, that the whole congregation were in tears. He gave out for me to speak at five o'clock in the morning, when we had a large congregation, and much good was done.

1793. At Hexham, and in the circuit, the Lord was with me: many souls were brought into liberty. I returned back in April; and between the third and the eleventh of May I returned again to Pateley Bridge, where we had a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit of God: a very glorious work broke out: souls were crying

for mercy on every side. There, I promised the Lord, if he would own my labours for one week, I would stop another, and so continue to labour for him, and the good of souls; but if I saw no fruit of my labours for a week, I would return and keep at home. We had a good time at Braisty Wood, but a more glorious work broke out in Dallogill: in one night, thirty-six souls found peace with God. It was very late before I got to rest; and had not been in bed more than one hour, before I was called up to pray with the distressed, who had gone part of the way home, but had returned, their agony of soul being so great that they could not proceed. I begged they would let me rest one hour longer. They did, and sung and prayed beneath, during which time I learned two new tunes. Dallogill is six miles from Pateley Bridge, and eight from Ripon, situate in the moors.

* * * * *

I visited Greenhow Hill, (in 1794)—but a local preacher lived there, that had proved an hindrance to the work; however, some lasting good was done. After speaking one Sunday morning, at nine o'clock, many roared out for mercy, during which I was suddenly moved by the Spirit of the Lord to look up—when, upon the hay-loft, I saw several young men leaning upon the beam, particularly one, who was laughing: immediately, I was powerfully moved by God to pray aloud, in the following words, for three times together, “*O God, bring down that laughing sinner:*”—when suddenly, his face gathered paleness, and in an instant, he fell down among the people, cried aloud for mercy, and continued in such distress, that he could neither eat, drink, work, nor sleep, till Tuesday morning—when he followed us to Pateley Bridge chapel, where the Lord gra-

ciously spoke peace to his soul, and soon after called him to preach the gospel.

Another particular circumstance occurred the sabbath-day following. The neighbourhood being alarmed, and many coming—one man who lived about a mile off, was invited by some of his neighbours to come to the meeting: he replied, “*I have plenty of women’s noise at home; I have no need to go there to hear them.*” However, seeing some of his neighbours much changed, he resolved, that if I preached the sabbath following, he would come to hear: accordingly he came, and fixed himself near the pulpit. During the time of speaking, he was powerfully alarmed, insomuch that tears, like large drops of rain, made their way down his face. After speaking, we continued a prayer-meeting, as was my regular plan, when many found peace with God, particularly this man, who wrestled with the Lord for more than two hours, on his knees: at length he arose, rejoicing in God his Saviour. In about a month after, as I was returning from a meeting, he rode up to me, and asked me, if I did not know him; and on my answering, I never saw him before, that I knew of; he replied—“can you have forgot wiping the tears and sweat from my face, in Pateley Bridge chapel?” I then collected him with joy of heart.

If the reader wish to have a more particular account of this revival, I refer him to the account sent to the editor of the Methodist Magazine, by Mr. Yewdal, and published in the year 1795, page 473—479. Some account of this revival is also contained in the following letter, from Mr. Pullan to Mrs. Barritt, my mother, who then lived at Colne, in Lancashire:—

Pateley Bridge, June 6, 1794.

DEAR FRIEND,

Your daughter being very much employed in the best of service, that of helping lost sinners to God, desired me to write a few lines of information, the which I most willingly do; and the rather, as I believe, when you read this, you will read the best news that ever I wrote on the subject.—Your daughter has been much pressed and fatigued by hard labour; but, she sees so much of the travail of the Redeemer's soul, as yields ample satisfaction. She is at present in good health, but I cannot tell when you may expect her to return; and if she die with us, I doubt not but she will obtain as good a resurrection from Pateley, as any other place; and if you never see her again in this world, you must get much of the mind that was in Christ, otherwise you may see her in heaven at too great a distance; for, as she is now an instrument in God's hand, of turning many to righteousness, she will most likely take a station near the throne of God, and shine like a star of more than common lustre; and indeed we may say of her, as was said of her Master—“*Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps which thou has sucked.*” Perhaps, by this time, you may think I have given praise enough to a dependant worm: well, be it so: but I hope, if she continue steadfast, and unmoveable, and thus abound in the work of the Lord, I have not said *too much*; for we have now such a revival here, and at the places around us as, I suppose, never has been known since Pateley stood. I would descend to particulars, but paper fails. She will expect you to write soon. Direct to be left at our house.

I am your's, affectionately,

THOS. PULLAN.

About this time, I was at Pateley Bridge and Dallogill, where we had precious seasons; after which, I went to Mickley, where was a family of the name of Heath, great friends to

the cause of God. Here, we had a large barn full of people. While speaking, the Lord poured out his Spirit in a wonderful manner, so that several dropped down and cried out for mercy; particularly, four young women. Full of distress, they came and laid their heads on my knee, and would not rise until they all found peace with God. One cried out, when water was offered her—"give me of the water of life; I must have it, or die eternally." About two in the morning, they all arose, rejoicing in the love of God. The same night, several others were awakened and saved. One young woman being in deep distress—some wicked young men went and told her mother, that they were killing her daughter in such a barn: she came, cursing and swearing, to rescue her daughter, but could not get at her, being inclosed in a kneeling ring, which she in vain endeavoured to break. In a little time, the mother herself, became distressed also, on account of her sins. Presently, both mother and daughter obtained peace with God. One, of the four above-mentioned young women, has gone triumphant to Paradise: the remaining three are still on their passage to life eternal. Their fathers feared not God; yet, when they saw frills, curls, and ruffles abandoned, they acknowledged, that religion had done them some good, and would save them money. Two of these young women had a brother (a fine-looking young man), for whose soul they now felt exceedingly. They persuaded him to go to Ripon to hear me, when he also obtained a sense of God's pardoning love, after a struggle of two hours. Dear Mrs. James Ridal laboured much in this, and several other meetings; but she has fled, and left me behind.

" There we shall meet again,
When all our toil is o'er,

Where death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more ;
In a new world, thy truth to prove—
A world of righteousness and love."

Praise the Lord, for the work he is carrying on. "O, wondrous grace!—O, boundless love!"

I went from thence to Ripon. Here the Lord manifested his power in a glorious manner. At one meeting, I was particularly led to pray that God would bring down a powdered young man in the gallery, whose soul lay near my heart. He got out and went home—but finding no rest, he came and returned several times. On the Monday night he came about five miles, when he was constrained to roar out aloud for the distress of his soul. The Lord heard his cry, delivered him, and he went home praising God.

* * * * *

In this journey, I had a glorious time at Tanfield, about six miles from Ripon. Religion was at a low ebb here. It had been ebbing for some time, but it pleased God to pour out his Spirit, and revive his work—so that the first time the preacher came, he joined twenty-seven new members.—Soon after this, I went to my brother again, and was some weeks with him: the Lord was with us in the circuit, and good was done; but a Mr. R—— was a great hindrance to the work. The Lord forgive him.

* * * * *

I received an invitation from Mr. Gaulter, to Alnwick circuit—(this was in the year 1794,) where I spent fourteen weeks and four days, with much satisfaction; labouring with him and Mr. Timperley, in the vineyard of our common Lord. At Morpeth, I preached in the town's hall, to a crowded, and very attentive, congregation. Good was done. Several informed me afterwards, that

they received their first concern at that time, and place. I believe this visit was found profitable to many; and my own soul was much instructed and strengthened. On my last day in this circuit, Mr. Gaulter accompanied me to a village, where I had to speak in the evening. This was a memorable day: it snowed, and blew, and stormed most tremendously. When we arrived at the place, we found that the people had procured an assembly-room for us to speak in. Mr. Gaulter begun by singing and prayer; and after speaking about ten minutes, he said, "I shall now give place to my sister Barrit, who will address you;" when instantly, a gentleman (who would not have come, had he thought I should have ventured out on such a day as this, his prejudices were such against women preaching) wished himself away, and made efforts to get out; but being obliged to stay, and lend his ears, he was presently powerfully awakened, so that when the meeting broke up, he followed us into an adjacent house, where we continued a prayer-meeting, during which, himself and two or three of his servants found peace with God. Here I wish to state a providential circumstance; for, in no other light can I view it. When I left my brother's circuit, I had near twenty shillings in my pocket, which I thought sufficient for that journey; but in stopping so long, I had got into the last shilling. The gentleman above-mentioned, said to me, "you must not leave here till I see you in the morning." I said, "I shall leave here about nine o'clock." Just when I was about setting off, having mounted my mare, he came up, shook hands with me, and left a guinea, saying, "please to accept this—a mite in return for a million of service." I then proceeded on my journey, with a friend who had come for me.

Between that place and his house was a river : (I rode on a pony, and he on a large horse.) When we came to the water-side, my friend appeared apprehensive of danger, from the swelling of the river, but we ventured in : I soon felt a giddiness to seize my head : I called to the man, and begged he would take hold of my bridle, which he did ; upon which my horse began to swim. What increased the danger was, that large sheets of ice came forcibly against us. Here—prayer, and faith in God, were our only refuge : we were mercifully preserved, and could not help afterwards singing—

“ The wat’ry deep I pass, with Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness, my way pursue.”

* * * * *

After this, I attended to an invitation in the Whitehaven circuit, by Mr. Ogilvie.—At Branton, the Lord began to bless his people. Glory be to his adorable name ! The steward had consulted with and advised the preacher, Mr. O., not to take me into the pulpit, though he had in part influenced him to write for me. I had heard of this, and refused taking that place ; but on Wednesday evening, the steward came and insisted on me going into the pulpit to labour.—Mr. O. afterwards told the people, if he had had a cathedral, I should be welcome to speak in it.—On the sabbath-day, Mr. O. went to Carlisle, and on Monday evening I was with him there. It was a gracious time. Glory be to God ! I think forty or fifty were soon added to the society there. The Lord blessed the labours of both the preachers. A particular circumstance, worthy to be recorded, occurred here. There was a man that had been a drunkard. About three years before, the Lord made my bro-

ther an instrument of his conversion. It seems, an old companion of his lay near his heart, whom he had oft entreated to go and hear the word, but with whom he could never prevail, till that first sabbath-day I was there. He met the wicked man in the street, and said, "come, go with me to the chapel to-day:" he cursed him, and said, "what is there to do to-day, more than other days?" the man answered, "a young woman was going to speak at the chapel:" he then called upon God to curse and ——n all women-kind, for they had been his ruin:—his friend replied, but if they have been your ruin, you know not but God has sent one to be your cure: at that he burst from him, but had not gone far, when he turned and said, "stop, I will go with thee:" he was half drunk, and in his dirty clothes. I could speak from nothing that time but from one of our hymns:—

" LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you he suffer'd pain;
Swearers, for you he spilt his blood;
Nor shall he bleed in vain?

Misers, for you his life he paid;
Your basest crime he bore:
Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,
That you might sin no more."

The tears soon made way down his dirty face: he was there again at night, and on the Thursday night following he cried out aloud for mercy, and the Lord spoke peace to his soul, and he became a new man. Glory be to God! While in this circuit, several persons came to hear from a place called Faugh, and got awakened to a sense of their danger, and converted to God; particularly one family, who invited me to their house, where I went. On my journey to this place, in company with a friend, we passed through some

fields ; and in coming near to a gate, through which we had to pass, we were astonished to see it open of itself, go back, and stand open while we passed through, and then shut of itself. This circumstance was made a great blessing to my soul ; for, I thought if the Lord would send an angel to open me a gate, when going to labour for him, he would surely give me success in that journey, which he did, to the joy of my own soul and many others. I am aware, that many will attribute the above-mentioned circumstance to, a *gust* of wind, or some other natural course ; and perhaps others will doubt, or deny it altogether. With all this, I have nothing to do : *it is a fact* ; and it is *equally certain* to my mind, that *it could not proceed from any natural cause*.—Since the time of my being at Faugh, the family above-mentioned have taken in the travelling preachers, who have been made a blessing to many in the village.—While labouring at another village in this neighbourhood, many were awakened, and some converted to God. One man in going out of the house into the kitchen, saw a light like unto the brightness of the sun, and was so affected by it, that he returned back, entreating his friends to pray with him : we did so, until he obtained mercy.

Some account of this great and good work, is contained in a letter from Miss Monkhouse to Mrs. Holder, dated—Bouse, June 28, 1794 ; of which the following extract shall be given :—

—— “ I have been at four love-feasts since these preachers came, and I must say I never was at such love-feasts in my life ; so powerfully was the Lord present to bless and comfort his people.—There are prayer-meetings held every night, in different parts of the town ; they are particularly lively, and made a blessing to many.—We have had a Miss Mary Barritt in

this circuit; a person who succeeded in the charge of your class, when you last left the island (Isle of Man). She has been made very useful in the hands of God at many places; indeed, at Darlington, they attribute the great revival there chiefly to her instrumentality; and I believe, there might have been many more saved here, had not some of us been too prejudiced to suffer a woman to teach in public—too orderly to detain the people at the prayer-meetings, past such a time of night; but, however, when the Lord has work to do, he can work by whom he will, and none can hinder. My soul rejoices that I have seen the day, when my ears have heard, and my eyes have witnessed, what my heart has long prayed for; and if a drop before the shower, so swells our souls with praise to heaven, what must it be when the day of pentecost shall fully come.—Many are inclined to think these are the beginning of good days: let us hasten the happy period by our prayers, and at present rejoice that our names are written in the Lamb's book of life. Glory be to God, while I have prayed for, and rejoiced in Zion's prosperity, my own fleece has not remained unwashed with the dew of heavenly grace: God has blessed me with an increase of love to himself and people, and of zeal for his cause; *I long to bear some part in bringing my fellow-sinners to Jesus.* I am often contrained to cry out—

"If all the world my Jesus knew,
Then all the world would love him too."

I remain, your's,

In the best, strongest, and sweetest bands,

M. MONKHOUSE."

* * * * *

In July, 1795, I returned to Colne, and from thence to Manchester Conference. Here I again met with dear Mr. Bramwell, who had laboured in Colne circuit some years back, and been made a blessing to many, particularly to me, by *instruction, exhortation, and reproof.*

On the sabbath-day, I heard him converse and speak of his soul enjoying a constant precious God. While he was speaking, I sensibly felt I did not enjoy all it was my privilege to enjoy ; and having been so long in the cold north, and finding that but few of the people that met in class enjoyed a clear sense of pardon, it led me to speak, and particularly pray for souls to get pardon, insomuch that I had lost that clear sense of sanctification I formerly had ; and being sensible that but few of the people were prepared for this blessing, and having lost it in a measure myself, I did not speak of it in so plain and clear a manner as I ought to have done.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday I went thirsting and mourning ; struggling and striving to get more religion, so that when I was at a prayer-meeting, I could scarce pray for others, I felt my own wants so great. The language of my heart was—

“ Refining fire, go through my heart,
 Illuminate my soul ;
 Scatter thy life through ev’ry part,
 And sanctify the whole.

O that it now from heav’n might fall,
 And all my sins consume !
 Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
 Spirit of burning, come.”

On Thursday, my brother and sister Barritt went with me to Mr. Broadhurst’s. Mr. Thomas Vasey, sen. and several other preachers were present. One of them asked Mr. B. how his soul prospered ; he said, it was but such a time since that the Lord pardoned all his sins, but much less since He sanctified his soul clearly. Just then came in Messrs. Bramwell and Drake : we kneeled down : Mr. B. prayed, and as he prayed, being overwhelmed with the power of

God, I dropped to the carpet, and heard no more till Mr. D. had nearly done praying, when I heard myself shouting, glory be to God, while that scripture was applied to my heart, "*I will, be thou clean.*" Mr. Bramwell called upon me to pray. I prayed one word, and praised another: it was a time, I trust, never to be forgotten by me. Here, I learned the way of faith more perfectly, which was on this wise—I saw, when the Lord had emptied my heart of all sin by the power of faith in his blood, he, at the same time, gave me full power to abide in him, by a continual coming to the fountain. There was no need to come to him, praying—"take evil out of my heart;" nevertheless, I had, and still have, to come praying—"Wash my words, and thoughts, and intentions, and thus preserve my soul pure to thee." Blessed be God, I have lived in the enjoyment of this blessing ever since. I am kept by watching unto prayer, by looking to the Lord, and believing on his name.

We returned to Colne on Saturday; and on the Sunday, I was at a prayer-meeting, at a friend's house, (W. Fould's) in Colne Lane.—Six or seven young woman were in distress: I stopped a little after, and prayed with them; but my dear mother, who had been a Methodist above twenty years, was quite offended with me, and said, "I had put her, myself, and the whole family to shame, with praying so loud." I had often wrote to inform her how the work was carried on in different places, but she was so grieved, she would scarce listen to what I had to say. The morning following, came in Mr. Adkin, who then travelled in the Colne circuit. She began to inform him, with great cheerfulness, of what had passed the last evening, thinking he would speak against it; but he smiled,

and said, "*you and I must submit: it is the Lord's way* :—last Sunday, I was at Heptonstall, at a love-feast, when the work broke out; and old John Slater (a leader) came to me, saying, 'Mr. Adkin, stop this noise, I cannot do with it, it hurts my feelings': I said, 'John, where wouldst thou have me go'; he replied, 'follow me': I did so, and came where he thought it was the loudest—I then said to him, 'John, if you want any more religion, kneel down just here, and pray for yourself; and if not, I insist upon you kneeling down, and praying for this soul in distress'—he did so; and behold, John soon prayed and praised God, in louder strains than any other person in the chapel."—My mother, at this, seemed very much astonished.—For several days she appeared uneasy, and often said, "Mary, if you be right, I am wrong."—The sabbath-day following, I had to labour at a place two miles in the country: my mother said, "I could like to go with you, but I am afraid I cannot bear to walk." I told her, I would help her all I could, and we could stop all night, afterwards. She consented; and as we went, I solicited one favour from her, which was, that if she saw any affected, she would not look out at the window, or appear as an unconcerned spectator, but that she would get near those that were crying out for mercy. There were two persons cut to the heart, and cried out for the disquietude of their souls. My dear mother, as I had advised her, went and knelt down by those in distress; and I soon heard her much engaged for herself, entreating the Lord to soften her hard heart, remove her unbelief, and cleanse her soul. She soon arose, and shouted, glory be to God. She saw and felt the work was of God—engaged heartily in it, and was very useful

that night. She walked home the same night very stoutly, praising God, though she had forgot her stick. The morning following, Mr. Adkin came, and she said to him, weeping, "O, sir, I can never forgive myself for my last week's behaviour to Mary. Though she and the Lord forgive me, yet I cannot forgive myself." We kneeled down, and all rejoiced together.

* * * * *

In the latter end of August, 1795, I complied with an invitation to travel again through the Middleham circuit, (with Mr. R. Harrison, and J. Ridall,) and had some good times: souls were brought to God, and we rejoiced together. We saw many singular instances of the power and goodness of God, in saving poor sinners. I was at one place, called Aysgarth, and spoke in the afternoon, and at night. There was a young man, that had been playing at football in the afternoon, whose mother, as I learned afterwards, had much to do to prevail with him to come; however, he came in the evening, and placed himself on the top of a chest of drawers, but the Lord found him out: he was powerfully convicted in his conscience, and cried out aloud for mercy, but returned home praising God. Many more were awakened at this time; particularly a young woman, Ann Thompson by name. I loved her much when I saw her first. She slept with me that evening, or rather wrestled and prayed, for we slept very little, if at all. I prayed with her till near two o'clock: we then went to bed, but she still cried for mercy. I laid my head upon her face, to prevent her from waking the whole family. About four o'clock, the Lord spoke peace to her soul: then it was with much greater difficulty that I kept her from waking the family with shouting. Glory be to

God ! She has been one of the excellent of the earth ever since, has laboured for the Lord in a public way, and had her labours blessed to many. The young man has also been an ornament to the gospel.

* * * * *

I went to Thirsk, in Yorkshire, where the Lord poured out his Spirit in a most wonderful manner. The summer before this, I was here one sabbath-day afternoon, and the Lord was present to wound and to heal. Eight or ten, that we knew of, found liberty ; and among them was a young man, a butcher. He had been a moral young man, and kind to his parents. He then supported, or in part supported, his mother.

On Monday, it being the market-day, he had to bear the scoff and ridicule of the town ; for it was spread abroad that the women had turned J. B—— mad ; however, he bore it with great fortitude ; but, during the week, he was much tempted, and particularly distressed with this thought, “ I must sell no more meat on the sabbath-day, and the best of my customers send for it then ; and if I do not let them have it, probably they will not come on the Monday, so my meat will spoil, and I shall not be able to pay my way, and so become a scandal to religion ; ”—again he thought, “ I have taken my dear mother to keep : I could take a spade and work in a ditch for myself, but I cannot bear that she should come to want.” He took the right method, laying his case before the Lord, and in earnest prayer seeking for wisdom and strength. When sabbath came, he rose early, went to his shambles door, and told his customers as they came, that he could not let them have any meat that day, but in the morning he would supply them as soon as they pleased. Some

cursed, others said he was mad, and his mother was quite displeased at him; for she then knew nothing of true religion; but he bore it all with christian fortitude, prayed much, and trusted in God for deliverance.—On Monday, he sold all his meat by three o'clock in the afternoon, and came home rejoicing. He soon after this, got his mother to hear, and she found peace with God; also, a sister of his; and in little more than a year, he became a local preacher; and the Lord much blessed him in body and soul, in his basket and store, and made all that he did to prosper.—O, how well it is to trust in the Lord! May my soul trust in, and praise him, more and more! Many in, and about Thirsk, got their souls blessed; and some at Northallerton: also in, and near Potta, good was done. One young woman in particular, was much distressed for her soul, but soon found peace with God. We concluded, but the housekeeper, where I lodged, went down into the cellar: we heard a cry, followed her, and found her on her knees, crying aloud for mercy and salvation. We brought her into the parlour, and wrestled with, and for her: she was soon enabled to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God; also many more the week following. Glory be to God, for the work he has done, and is still doing.

I came by Easingwold to Thirsk, and then to Middleham circuit; and in two or three days came with Thomas Greensitt, to Colne.

* * * * *

From a place called 'Thornaby, betwixt Easingwold and Thirsk, two young men came to hear me at Ripon, where they got awakened, and one found peace with God. On their return home, they informed their mother, who wished them to invite me to come to their house: they

did so: I attended to the invitation: the woman received me kindly, and seemed very anxious to hear all that might be said. We had a good time in the public meeting at night, where several seemed much alarmed. In the morning, we had a prayer-meeting: the Lord poured out his Spirit among the people, and several found peace with God; but the mistress of the house, by whom I was invited, came to me in the meeting, and said, "before I would make a noise like some that are present, I would burst." After the meeting was concluded, I invited her to accompany me to Easingwold, where there was to be a love-feast; but she refused, saying, she was not able to go, I had made her so miserable: however, after we had been in the love-feast a few minutes, she came in. Several were much affected; and I went into the gallery to encourage some, but was suddenly alarmed at hearing a particular voice from a man, praying to God to save his mother; and on looking down from the gallery, saw it was the good woman's eldest son, kneeling down by his mother, who was in an agony of distress, and praying for her with all his heart; but she soon rose, and also her other son, rejoicing in a sin-pardoning God. She caught her sons in her arms, while we all praised God with joyful lips. It was a most pleasing and affecting sight.

1795. I returned soon after to Pateley Bridge, where several remarkable circumstances occurred. One sabbath-day, the clergyman and parish clerk went to the church, and waited a considerable time, but as none else attended, they came to hear me. The same day, I saw an aged gentleman much affected in the gallery, and I felt determined to speak to him, if he should stay the prayer-meeting; but when afterwards I looked

for him, he was not visible; however, I went up into the gallery, where I found him in the bottom of the pew, laid with his face on the seat, on which were two dubs of tears, which had dropped from his eyes, nearly as large as the palm of my hand: he cried out, and before he rose from his knees, found peace with God: great was then his joy of heart. He was steward to ——— York, esquire; and afterwards, he was steward for the Methodist Society, for many years. I have since heard, that he died happy in God. I spoke several times during this visit, at Pateley Bridge, and at many places in that neighbourhood: the Lord was with us of a truth.

* * * * *

About this time, I was on a visit to Felbeck, near Pateley, in company with Mrs. James Ridal, a most pious and useful woman—very active in our prayer-meetings—but who soon after took her triumphant flight to Abraham's bosom.—Here, I spoke twice—once in a *barn*, the other time upon some steps, in the open air. There were many who cried out for mercy, and who found liberty through the blood of the Lamb: the meetings continued till a late hour; after which, sister Ridal and myself went to rest.—One morning, about four o'clock, our room-door was suddenly opened; upon which, Mrs. Weatherhead, Mrs. Malthouse, and soon after, several others came in, crying aloud for mercy. We begun, and continued praying with them, till six o'clock, when several of them found peace with God, and rejoiced exceedingly. From thence, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Malthouse, and Mr. and Mrs. Weatherhead, we rode to Minskip. At Mr. Malthouse's, we spent a very pleasant and profitable afternoon, in conversation, singing, and prayer. At intervals, I prayed much

that the Lord would shew me what he would have me speak from that night: nothing appeared clear, excepting that hymn which begins,

“He comes! he comes! the Judge severe!”

Mr. Malthouse had sent through the village, and to Boroughbridge, to inform the inhabitants that I should speak, in his barn, that night, at seven o'clock. The evening was fine and clear; scarce a cloud could be perceived on the sky. A large concourse of people had assembled: we began with singing and prayer. I then rose up, gave out the above-mentioned hymn, and when coming to these lines—

“His lightnings flash; his thunders roll,
How welcome to the faithful soul.”

instantly, a flash of lightning blazed through the whole barn, and then followed, a peal of thunder, that shook the whole building. Immediately, numbers cried out for mercy, as if the last day was come. Some believed, (as I heard afterwards) that I had the thunder and lightning at command. It continued to thunder and lighten the whole of the night. Numbers were awakened that evening, and many found peace with God. Several of them have continued to this day; and some have gone home to God: among these, was a butcher, who was very useful, and died well.

I had before received an invitation from a Quaker friend, to Bainbridge: I, at this time, accepted the invitation. She had a niece, whose name was J. S——, who would not come to her aunt's for several days, because I was there; but when I came again, her prejudice being in part done away, she thought she would come and hear in the garden: she did so, and heard for

herself; and in a few nights afterwards, found the Lord to the joy of her heart. Numbers more were brought to the saving knowledge of the truth.—A Mr. L—— took me to his house, who had been brought to God in one of our former meetings, in a powerful manner.—After this, I laboured at Thirsk again, and several more were brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light; while many of those who were brought in before, continued to ornament the doctrines of the gospel. One, in particular, has become, I am informed, an acceptable and useful preacher of the gospel; while several others, labour in a more contracted sphere of action. O, how well it is to follow the pillar of cloud!—to tread in the footsteps of God's providential and gracious will. Lord, teach me thy will, and enable me to say in the confidence of faith with thy servant, (Psalm lxxiii. 24) "*Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory.*"

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About this time, I received the following letter, from Mr. Ogilvie, one of the travelling preachers:—

1796.

MY DEAR SISTER,

This afternoon I was favoured with your friendly letter, for which I thank you most kindly. I am sorry that you have been so poorly; but thankful to God, who has graciously raised you up again: I trust, for his own glory. I cannot doubt that if you had been called away, but it would have been for your eternal gain, and blessedness. *It is true, the church would have sustained the greatest loss;* and the people of God would have mourned your absence for a season, till they had met you again in the kingdom of heaven.—It does rejoice my soul, that you found the Lord Jesus both present and precious to you in the time of your

affliction. I do trust that the Head of the church has raised you up to do something more for him in the world. O that your spared life may be a very great blessing to hundreds of thousands of souls.—I know that you have a large soul, and wish to do great things for the Lord; but I am only afraid “*that your sword will be too sharp for its scabbard.*” Pray do not leave Bainbridge, till you get a little strength. If I were near you, I would try to keep you a prisoner for a few days. I can bless the name of the Lord, that I find him precious to my soul. I am doing a little for God, but it is only a little. *I found that the few days I had you with me, were blessed to me.* I wish we had you at Otley a few days. If my dear wife were here, she would join me in love, &c.

Your's, affectionately,

T. OGILVIE.

I might probably entertain the reader very profitably, by publishing my journals more at large. In the Yorkshire Dales, extending from Ripon to Bainbridge, Reeth, and Richmond, the Lord enabled me, and others, to gather the harvest, in handfuls, and every where he gave us fruit: for, at that time, those circuits had but little help from the travelling preachers, compared with what they now have. I might add many things also with respect to my convictions, views, feelings, and conduct, relative to my public work. Suffice it to say, that the Almighty, in a most *extraordinary manner, removed my scruples, answered my objections, and thrust me out into his vineyard.* Indeed, nothing but a powerful conviction that God required it at my hand, and that I should lose my *own soul*, if I did not endeavour to save the souls of others, could have supported me in it; added to this, that the Lord gave me souls in almost every place; and in general, whenever I stood up in

his name before the people, and more especially at those times, when so overwhelmed with a sense of the magnitude of the work, that I was tempted to run away from it. This wonderful condescension, and stupendous love of Christ to me, deeply humbled my soul before him.

“ And shall I slight my Father’s love ?
Or basely fear his gifts to own ?
Unmindful of his favours prove ?
Shall I, the hallow’d cross to shun,
Refuse his righteousness t’ impart,
By hiding it within my heart ?

No: though the ancient Dragon rage,
And call forth all his host to war ;
Though earth’s self-righteous sons engage ;—
Them and their god, alike I dare ;
Jesus, the sinner’s Friend, proclaim ;
Jesus, to sinners still the same.”

* * * * *

1796. I went to Pateley Bridge, where I had spent some considerable time in 1793. Several souls more found the Lord to pardon, and some to sanctify. I was abundantly happy to find many standing fast in the Lord, who were brought to God in the great revival here.

About this time, I received the following letter, from Mr. Fenwick, travelling preacher:—

Cold-Kirby, March 10, 1796.

MY DEAR SISTER,

God himself has sent you, like the great Wesley, and the great Whitfield ; namely, as a blessing to the nation ; nevertheless, you will have great need of the faith of an Abraham, the resolution of a Joshua, the meekness of a Moses, the strength of a Sampson, the patience of a Job, the head of a Solomon, the zeal of King David, the love of St. John, the determination of St. Paul. My prayer is, that God may put on you his whole armour ; causing you to “ comprehend with

all saints; what is the length, breadth, depth, and height of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge and to be filled with all the fulness of God." Thomas Walsh, a man of God, whom my late father, the Reverend John Wesley, and myself found in Ireland, cut short his useful days, by too loud preaching: see that you guard against this: preach within yourself, and beware of extraordinary exertion: provided this is attended unto, you will last the longer. Never strain your voice. Never keep your congregations too long. Never sit up too long. Never converse too long. In all things watch and pray, so shall you in all things gain ground. Remember many (not a few) eyes are upon you, some for good, but not all. Let Christ be your all, and in all; and in one word, let him be your finished example.

I remain, your everlasting friend, brother, and servant, to command in the peaceable gospel of the benevolent Son of God,

MICHAEL FENWICK.

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At this time, there was one thing that I was much concerned about: it was a great weight upon my mind; I laid it constantly before the Lord, and begged his direction, and to know the will of God. I laboured much, and entreated the Lord to make it clear. I felt an earnest desire to know the will of the Lord, in order that I might do it. I left Pateley Bridge on Monday, believing that the Lord would make this also clear to me, and not suffer me to err. I stopped at Hebden that night; where my Quaker friend and her brother came for me. I went with them on the Tuesday to Cravenholm, near Bainbridge, (this was in November, 1796,) but was very sick all the way. It appeared to me, *death is near*: my soul was very happy; I could say from my very heart, "*thy will be done.*" There was a wonderful providence in all this: the

wheels were turning round, and I began to see the will of God. There was another of my friend's nieces, who had told her aunt, she would not stay to be there while the Methodist woman was there, as she called me, but intended to go away on Monday, as I was to be there on the Tuesday; but on the Saturday before, as she was taking up some sand at the door, a stone fell from the wall, and so crushed her foot, that she was obliged to stop. The first night, the Lord awakened her soul; and she then became so attached to me, that she attended me constantly during my illness, night and day, which was very severe. The Lord reward her. My affliction was the measles. It was then I saw the will of God concerning me: I was confined about a month, but I laboured a little, and some good was done. The kindness of this family was very great: the Lord reward them: I believe he will. After I left the place, they joined fifteen in class; for there had been no society there for many years.

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1797. After, I went and laboured with Mr. Harrison and Mr. Shaw, at their request, in the Lancaster circuit: we had many good times, and numbers were brought to God that spring. At one village in this circuit, a blessed work broke out. One young man, in particular, of a very wicked character, was awakened and converted to God, and has since taken in the preachers. The magistrate of that neighbourhood, observed to some of our friends, it was a happy circumstance my coming to that place, for it had saved him much trouble; and that he intended the first opportunity to hear for himself. At Kendal, evident good also appeared; and at Bathel Green, where that blessed man lives, Stephen Brunskill.

At Lancaster, some souls were brought to God; among whom, was a young gentleman, who afterwards removed to the city of Carlisle; where he is very useful in the cause of God, and a pillar in that church.

* * * * *

I went to Preston, in Lancashire: the Lord was with us of a truth. At Bolton Hall, in particular, several old professors were much against what they called irregularity and disorder, inso-much, that I heard one of the leaders say, "If I had had a few stones in my pocket, I would have thrown them at the lads;" but the Lord was pleased to work, and many sinners were awakened, and brought to praise a pardoning God. I went from thence to Chorley, (in the Wigan circuit,) by request of Mr. Thomas Wood and Mr. Sykes: many followed us from Bolton Hall: it was a time to be remembered. The next day, as two friends, H. C. and J. B. were going home, one said to the other, "what did we come for?"—they both said, a clean heart: they enquired farther, "have we got it?" they each replied, they had not: they both turned back again, and where determined not to return without it: we went out to tea that afternoon, and at prayer, the Lord spake the second time '*be thou clean*;' and they both went home the next day, filled with the fulness of God. They then went to speak to the same leader that had said so much against what is generally termed the revival:—another pious man, a class-leader, told J. C. to take a horse, and go to the meetings, and never come home again, till he got his soul sanctified to God: he took the advice; and on Friday accompanied another person, who wanted the same blessing, to a place called Black-rod; where, on the Saturday afternoon, the Lord cleansed

both their souls. On the sabbath-day morning, they returned to Bolton Hall, and just got in by class-time: after they had sung and prayed, he said, "come, lads, I will help you to shout, Glory be to God now, for he has cleansed my soul." The preacher came at half-past ten o'clock as usual, to preach, but J. C. stood up on a form, and shouted, "come down, man, we have had preaching plenty, unless more good had been done by it; come out of the pulpit, and help us to *pray*:" he did so, and the meeting continued until about eleven at night. This was the same person, that wished he had stones in his pocket, to fling at the praying lads.* There were fifty or sixty of the inhabitants brought to God in a few weeks, besides many from other parts. All glory to God and the Lamb.

I received the following letter, from one of our preachers:—

Cravenholm, Dec. 31, 1796.

MY VERY DEAR LASS,

I received your's of the 25th inst. I am glad to hear of good being done during Peggy's stay with you; and I hope it is increased much more before this reach you. Of what infinite value is a little spiritual good!—how much better than thousands of gold and silver.—I pray God that a little more of that good may be received by us, and conveyed by us.—I sometimes fear, the *pipe is foul*, or the water of life would be *more clearly and abundantly* conveyed by my unworthy means to my fellow sinners.—What a pity, if the pure water of life should be made unwholesome (by means

* I would not be understood to justify a conduct like this, towards the ministers of the gospel; but, have frequently observed, that those who have been most prejudiced against what they call irregularity, and disorder, if their intentions have been pure, when they have been quickened in their own souls, have been the most disorderly and irregular of any.

of a bad conveyance) between the fountain and the thirsty crowd.—I hope the Lord is carrying on his work among us: we have added a few this visitation of classes. I hope our visit at Diamond-hill was rendered profitable there. I hear of a stirring up in the neighbourhood.—We had much of the Lord's presence at the watch-night—my soul was much refreshed from the presence of the Lord.—I had *three* persons from Thirsk, enquiring after you; and I am to let them know, by *all* means, when you intend to visit them again. Excuse haste: I have to go to Swaledale—and shall be late enough. My love to my brethren Harrison and Shaw.

Your affectionate Brother,

PHILIP HARDCASTLE.

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1797. I then came to Lancaster, and by Kendale, and Bainbridge, home again, and had good times—felt the Lord precious to my own soul, and saw his arm made bare in the salvation of others. From thence, went to Leeds Conference. I went to the house of my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Baisden, where I was most affectionately received; and, as Mr. Bramwell, Mr. Drake, and some other preachers were there, I felt the more thankful. We had at this time several public meetings, held in a dye-house, where I spoke to multitudes of people, and where many, very many, were born of God. Some are gone to glory: others continue to this day. Dr. Coke was the president of the Conference. I heard *him*, and several others preach, and received much instruction and profit. This *Conference* was a season of great difficulty and perplexity to many of the preachers; also, a time of trial to my own mind, as I was informed of many of my own spiritual children being on the eve of leaving the Methodist body, and join-

ing Mr. Kilham's party. I *was* a Methodist from the first, both in *heart* and *sentiment*; and ever intended to remain with them. From the first of my hearing of the intended division, I had taken much pains with my friends to prevent them being carried away with new things, however imposing in appearance. However, I was prevailed upon to hear one of Mr. Kilham's friends, because he was represented to me as being a very holy and useful man of God. In this, I was much disappointed, and felt very uncomfortable. After he had done, Mr. K. gave out some verses, and then called upon me to pray: I replied—"No, sir!"—I attended the preachings at five o'clock in the morning, and generally found these very profitable seasons. One day, after having spoke in the dye-house, some respectable females, from Bradford, followed me to my lodgings, having got powerfully awakened in the meeting. They desired, I would pray with them. That the family might not be incommoded, who were preparing dinner for the preachers, I took them down into a small *cellar*, where we wrestled with God in mighty prayer, till the preachers came in to dinner; for, though some had found peace, others remained in deep distress. One of the preachers came to the top of the stairs, and called me by name: I answered, "yes, sir!" and then prayed again. He called a second time: I answered as before; and the distress of one being great, I prayed again. He called a third time; upon which, I went up, and found Mr. Henry Taylor, leaning upon the banister, who said to me, "I suppose you would not come, because you knew who it was that was calling you: I replied, "no, sir, I do not know who you are:" he then said, "my name is Henry Taylor; and I thought you had heard of the evil

things I had reported of you in the north:" I said, I had heard that something had been reported in the north respecting me: he said, "it was me; and I have stayed here, determining not to go till you came, that I might beg your pardon:" I told him, I freely forgave him; and then gave him my hand, at which he wept much. After dinner, we had a most extraordinary time in prayer. When Mr. Taylor rose up from his knees, he said, "*Brethren*, I cannot leave you." It seems, before this, he had intended leaving the old connection, and joining the new party.—During my stay at Leeds, I accompanied Mr. Bramwell to Woodhouse chapel, where we witnessed wonderful and astonishing effects: many souls were born of God. At Leeds, and in the neighbourhood, I stayed about a fortnight, and laboured both in public and private. From thence I went to Bradford, in order to assist Mr. Hopper, who then travelled in that circuit. He entered heartily into the work, prayed earnestly with the souls in distress, and rejoiced much in the good that was done. He ever afterwards continued one of my firmest friends. While here, the Rev. Mr. Cross, (the Vicar of Bradford,) sent for me to breakfast with him, who also rejoiced much in the good that was done. I frequently visited him; indeed, he requested me to call upon him, at all opportunities, during my stay; and whenever I should be in the neighbourhood. Much good was done during this visit, that remains to this day. O that I could praise my God as I would!

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My next journey was to Wetherby, soon after the Conference, in the same year. The Lord was with us of a truth. Two or more could rejoice the first time we had a public meeting.

The same day, I attended a love-feast at Ribstone, with Mr. Michael Emmet, the superintendent of Wetherby circuit: many souls found pardon, and remain to this day. O for more faith in God! I then laboured at Harewood, and good was done there; some of whom, I hear, are turned back: but many stand to the praise of God. I then returned to see my Mother, at Colne, but could not stay at home: the worth of souls lay near my heart, and I received many letters of invitation, from many travelling preachers; and people inviting me to their respective circuits; and very many letters of acknowledgement and thanks, for good received in our meetings.

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My next journey was to York, where I met with dear Messrs. Blackborne and Emmett, whom I much esteem in the Lord. I travelled round the York circuit more than once, and God was with us of a truth. At Wighill, HE wrought a glorious work: a large number of souls got saved, both old and young, rich and poor. At one meeting, it appeared that all the people were praying, some for themselves, and some for others; but Mr. Raisen's servant-man was heard to say, "they are all going mad: I never heard the like in all my life: I have seen Methodists before to-day, but I never heard them make a noise like this before." It being rainy the next morning, the people could not go to harvest-work; the master sent for his neighbours, and called in his servants. I had much liberty in speaking; and at prayer, the young man before mentioned, cried out aloud for mercy, so that my voice could not be heard in prayer, though I prayed very loud. I gave over, opened my eyes, and saw the young man in dreadful agonies; but

the Lord soon spoke peace to his soul : he rose up leaping, shouting, praising God, and calling upon all to praise God for him. One that heard him say the night before, we were all going mad, came to him, and clapping him on the shoulder, said, " well, Harry, are we all mad ; how is it ? " " Yea, mad indeed," said Harry, " Glory be to God, a glorious madness, I feel it in my heart."

At Tadcaster, an old man (one of our friends), had a son who had been in a backsliding state twenty-eight years, who came into the prayer-meeting, and was awakened and brought back to God. This man's name was Thomas Ellis ; and the circumstance was a very extraordinary one. Mr. E. Wade, from Sturton-Grange, being present, said, " Thomas, thou shalt not go away till thy soul get converted ;" but he replied, " I must go, for some persons are waiting for me : " upon this, Mr. W. took fast hold of him, and they kneeled down together ; and we began, and continued to pray, one after another, till the Lord spoke peace to his soul. Mr. Daniel, a butcher, and some others, found peace in the same meeting. All this happened on the Monday morning. On the *sabbath* preceding, a magistrate, together with a clergyman of the Church of England, came to hear me, purposing, to put a stop to our proceedings, in case they found to be true, what they had heard about disorderly meetings. What they thought and felt while I was speaking, I know not ; but in the midst of the service, a mob being at the outside of the door, making a great noise, the magistrate sent a message to this effect—that, if they did not quietly disperse, or cease from disturbing the congregation, he would have them taken up, and committed to prison. From that time, to the present, thank God, the Methodists there have never been mo-

lest in the enjoyment of their christian privileges.

We had precious seasons at Wharton Lodge, Bickerton, and Stillingfleet. "O for a heart to praise my God," at the remembrance of his name! O Lord, help me to praise thy adorable name!

The Lord also manifested his saving power at Cawood, at Riccall, and the neighbouring villages: numbers were brought to the knowledge of the truth.

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The Lord made bare his arm in a most glorious manner at Selby: from six to ten, in a meeting, obtained the pardoning love of God. Praised be his holy name!

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At York, I laboured with Mr. Blackborne: there was a prospect of good; many souls got blessed; but Satan roared, and in a measure got the victory. The fear of man prevailed: the friends of Emmanuel were not sufficiently firm. I saw this; though, as it respected myself, I felt in a great measure, deaf to praise and dispraise: it was alike to me, so that souls were saved, and God glorified. I knew this was my motive, the gaining proselytes to Jesus; and to accomplish this, I had long since given up ease, and a good name, among men. Whatever appeared to obstruct or stand in the way of this, pained my mind. On this account, I felt much for York. May God be merciful to that city! I have oft since prayed for it, and have sometimes thought, I have yet to bear a testimony for God in that place: the Lord only knows.

In 1798, I took a tour to Thirsk again, and found many happy souls that had been brought to God in our former meetings; and a few others

were then added to them, such as, I trust, will be everlastingly saved. The Rev. Mr. Vasey, from Whitby, came over to help us: I promised him to go over, and help them; and after a visit to Lambhill, where we had a very gracious time, (some being stirred up to greater diligence, and others that were mourning, obtaining comfort,) some of my dear friends, Mr. J. H—, and Mrs. —, accompanied me to Northallerton, where we had a blessed time, two or three finding mercy. Here I met with the Rev. Mr. Vasey, and got to Whitby on Thursday, where I spake at night: it was a good time. In the latter meeting, a young woman very soon roared out for mercy: many of the people seemed affrighted, but the Lord vindicated his own cause: four or five obtained pardon; eight or ten the night after; more the following night; and on the sabbath very many, but we knew not how many. On Tuesday (Christmas-day), at night, we had a very powerful time: it was near two in the morning before we could leave the chapel. Our friends thought there were upwards of a hundred brought into liberty in one week. After this, the Lord abundantly blessed the labours of good Messrs. Brown and Vasey; insomuch, that there were three hundred added the first quarter, and in the next quarter, two hundred more.

I returned again to York, and spoke at Tadcaster; on which occasion, a well-looking man, a Methodist, came into the pulpit and kindly invited me to his house. I felt an immediate impression not to yield to his invitations. Enquiring afterwards of our friends who he was, they informed me he was a local preacher: I told them, I believed he was a hypocrite—that I durst not attend to his invitation—the Spirit of the Lord forbade me. They appeared struck with

surprise; however, in less than a month after this, he was put out of the society, as unworthy a place among us.—I also, in this journey, became more intimately acquainted with dear Mr. Wade and his family, whose kindness is engraven as with a pen of diamond on the tablet of my heart. About this time, I received the following letter from Mr. Bramwell:—

Coverton, May 30, 1798.

MY DEAR SISTER BARRITT,

You and I shall be much tempted in the world, and we may be in the greatest danger of reasoning, where there is no rule for our situation. In this, we can only act according to the best of our views, and then leave the whole in the hands of God. You may think, because you are not able to work as some might expect, that your stay will be troublesome to your friends; but in this care not, your all is the Lord's; this is enough for a christian. You have a power of saying "thy will be done," but you have not a power of saying, 'I will work where and as I please.' I think I have seen this clearly since you came. Your way is open—numbers receive the power. O go on as your strength will permit, and the Lord Jesus be with you.—I have some serious reflections that your time will be short; and I think shorter than mine. You do more work in less time, consequently will sooner fulfil your task. If I did more for God, I might go with you. I can say, Amen. I am still convinced that the Lord would have us feel and labour like Paul, and leave all annoyances in his hands. Numbers will never be saved without great efforts in the instruments. But O! how mysterious is this; notwithstanding, let us pluck them like brands from the burning, to draw to God the next generation. I burn with desire. "*Here am I,—Lord send me.*" I long to see you and my brethren. Our souls are in one. I shall be on my post for ever—nothing shall separate between us and Jesus. Last Sunday I saw the Spirit working at noon,

in some degree as on the day of pentecost. A great deist was struck as with lightening, and roared out among the people for about twenty minutes, in the greatest agony. All around him were in tears: Jesus saved him. He then said, 'I will proclaim, Jesus is the Son of God—I will write it with my right-hand.' O what a salvation. Seven more struggled into liberty. I have every night since, seen souls saved. Lord have mercy on me. *I tremble at the idea!* I see what I am called to. O how shall I fulfil it! I hope to see you next Monday week. The way is clear for you in this circuit. We pray that you may be able to come in the power of the Lord. Amen.

WM. BRAMWELL.

In the spring of 1798, I suffered much through lameness in my knee. This was brought on with being on my knees for hours together, praying with the distressed, and frequently on very damp brick floors.—Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, of Harewood, took me in their carriage from Tadcaster to their house; and I continued with them, and at Mr. Wade's, all the time of my lameness, which continued about six weeks: the friends were very kind. The Lord was with us, and good was done at Harewood.

About this time, I received the following letter from the Rev. Mr. Vasey, giving some account of the effects of my visit to Whitby, and the circuit:—

Whitby, April 12, 1798.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER BARRITT,

Our quarter-day was at Guisborough on Monday, and a blessed time it was indeed: many flocked from various parts. The dales are flaming with the praises of our adorable Jehovah. The fire hath caught, and runs from one dale to another. I dined at the farmer's last week, who had six children converted in twenty-

four hours. The first week after I left you at Whitby, and went into my circuit, I found the new converts standing their ground well: thanks be to God! I know not which to wonder at most, *the good done*, or the *continued good, deepening and widening*. Thank the Lord for both. There are fourteen families in one dale, all now in society, except the little children. We have added *one hundred and forty-five* in Whitby alone, since Christmas; and more than one hundred of these are converted to God. There are nearly three hundred added since then in the circuit. O praise the Lord!—Surely, my dear sister, you will join us.—I have never enjoyed *Methodism* so much in my life as in the beginning of the present year. I never saw it in such perfection before. We seldom meet but we have some converted at Whitby, as well as those other places where the revival has broke out. Your friend, Mr. —, enjoys perfect love, and is a pattern of purity. Pray, when are we to see you again in this goodly land? Surely you will not need a pressing invitation. Write by return of post: tell us how you are—and how you are going on, and when you can come; and also, where you can touch first at in the circuit. May Jesus bless you with health—and grace to continue as you have begun. O that we may be *faithful, and fruitful*. I still find my soul borne up above all created good, and to be as one sacrifice to my adorable Father. This *only*, is worth living for.

Your truly affectionate brother in Christ,

THOS. VASEY.

Also, the following letter, from Mr. Blackburne:—

Tadcaster, May 17, 1798.

MY EVER DEAR SISTER,

I was unexpectedly called to the Leeds District Meeting, and thereby deprived of the very great pleasure of seeing you; but I beg and intreat you for Christ's sake, to fix when you will be back in the York

circuit. You will not, I hope and trust, take more than three weeks or a month; especially when you consider, that there is no spot on earth to which you are likely to be so useful as our circuit; and I therefore beg of you, for the Lord's sake, and for the sake of never-dying souls, to come over and help us *soon*. I wait for an answer by the bearer.

I am, ever dear friend,

Your ever obliged brother in Christ,

WM. BLACKBORNE.

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1798. Some time after this, Providence opened my way to Leeds, at the earnest request of Mr. Mather, now in glory. I went, and the Lord was with us: many were awakened, and brought to God. One forenoon, the power of God came down among us of a truth: souls were crying out for mercy, in eight or ten different places in the chapel. The friends believed there might be fifteen or twenty brought into liberty. Mr. Mather was filled with the power of God, and said, he would vindicate such a meeting as that, at the market-cross, if he was called to it. Glory be to God.—Several that were brought to him at this time, have since been useful labourers in the vineyard of Christ. While at Chapel Town, I received an excellent letter from that man of God, Mr. Mather, giving instructions how to conduct meetings during a revival. As it may be useful to others, as well as to myself, I here transcribe a part of it.

Extract of a letter from Mr. Mather, giving some instruction and advice relative to the work of God. For an account of Mr. Mather, see *Methodist Magazine* for the year 1780, page 91, &c.; and also 1801, page 112.

Leeds, March 16, 1798.

DEAR SISTER,

After Mr. Myles had stated to us the conversation you had at Harewood, we desired him to tell you and your friends, that we judged it would be best for you to spend what time you intended at Leeds, when you came to Chapel Town.—We rejoice to see the work of the Lord prosper, and can in our measure say, "*Send by whom thou wilt send.*" I am confident in saying, none can have more pleasure in seeing, or in hearing of a *lively, deep, and spreading* work of God than I have. Nor can any have a greater inclination to aid in promoting it, according to my power, than I *feel*; even if it were *out of the common way* in some circumstances. Herein I can say, "*Work in what way seems best to thine infinite wisdom, and use such instruments as shall most promote thy glory in saving sinners.*"—Let all concerned in this work be—1st, deeply conscious that the work is *only* God's; to *begin, carry on, and perfect or establish* it, belong to *Him* alone. 2nd, That it is *His* to choose the instruments and means of doing it. 3rd, That *they* (as such) *can do nothing in any of these without Him*. 4th, That they should feel in *themselves*, and be indefatigable in endeavouring to instil it into others—that *all* the glory should be *by all* given unto God. 5th, They should *ever* keep a holy jealousy over their own spirits while *engaged* in the work, lest their spirit should *mingle* with the Spirit of God, and so grieve it, that, like one of old, they would not know that the Lord was *departed* from them. 6th, They should be deeply *penetrated* with the vast importance of conversion work; and the great danger of what might be called an *unsound* conversion. In other words, of *any one* supposing they are pardoned, adopted, or converted, when they are not.—Some caution may be necessary when to conclude, viz. when God was not deepening the conviction, or *bringing* the soul nearer to the birth; without this, *all* labour is vain, and *such* a soul should be *left* to reflect, and have time given to recover the exercise of its own

powers. This would *cut off* the danger of any being *wearied* out with *constant* praying, &c. 7th, Care should be taken that the persons engaged in this work, do not speak and act *as if it were altogether their work*, and effected by some *inherent power of their's*, and of speaking *of*, or praying *for others*, who cannot *act, see, and think* as they do : as if they were *dead, and had lost their religion, half-hearted, &c.*, praying that they might be *re-converted, &c.*, all of which has no connexion with the work, but savours of *self-sufficiency, self-confidence, glorying in ourselves, and despising others, &c.* But you will take notice, these things do not *so directly* relate to *you*, as to those who are engaged when you have done speaking. I have heard *very few* object to what you say, or your manner of saying it; except such as have the same objections to *any* of your sex, officiating in the same way. It is therefore to prevent your good from being evil spoken of, that I do this, and to give some directions to those who act with you in the work of God. I hope *you* and *all* my brethren will consider my design in this, and have candour enough to overlook any faults, and not fail to pray for their and your

Ever ready servant in Christ,

A. MATHER.

I received the following letter from Mrs. Baisden.—For an account of Mrs. Baisden, see *Methodist Magazine*, May, 1812, page 677.

Leeds, June 6, 1798.

MY DEAR SISTER BARRITT,

I am very thankful to find that your soul is still going out after the salvation of sinners. O my dear, the world lieth in the arms of the wicked one; what can be done in order to save sinners?—Do pray for us : we do not forget you. I trust you will be made (under God) a blessing to Sheffield. May the Lord stand by you, and make you very simple, and very lively; and when you have done your work in that

part of his vineyard, may it please him to send you to us again. Many will rejoice to see you. Mr. Mather is renewing the tickets in all the classes; and bless the Lord, *several speak of being awakened or brought to God, that week you were at Leeds*: this is matter of rejoicing to me, and many. As Mr. M. is very particular in his enquiries, it would do you good to see how simple and steady they are. The Lord keep them all for ever. Since I saw you, I have felt a thirst for more of God: I want to feel more of the refining fire—more holiness: ask your heavenly Father to give it me. I really want to live in the fountain, and never more to be defiled. Lord help me. I want to hear of, from ten to thirty, or forty, being brought to God in a meeting; as your dear friend, Mr. Thompson, told me last night, was the case in the Isle of Man: he has got a letter from Mr. Moses, who labours with Mr. Harrison. This is a glorious work, such a one as my eyes long to behold. Lord hasten the time. The Lord bless you with clear light and strength. May devils fly before the power of God, and sinners be converted every day! My soul has been much blest while writing to you.

I am your sincere friend,

SARAH BAISDEN.

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I visited Faugh—where many souls were saved.—Some of the fruit of my labours here, is noticed in the journal of that eminent minister of the gospel, Mr. John Hearnshaw;—a brief sketch of whose life and ministry is recorded in the Methodist Magazine for 1810, page 331:—we have the following sentence:—

“Of his last interview with the people at Faugh, he thus writes:—‘Whilst speaking of the blessedness of the saints beyond the grave, every melting heart seemed to say, *‘O that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest.’* At the close of the sermon floods of tears were shed, and the solemn pre-

sence of God was generally felt. The sinners were seized with trembling, whilst I warned them for the last time, of the danger of their condition, and asked them, shall I not be clear of your blood when the Lord shall judge? *Here are three sisters who were all awakened and converted under the preaching of Mary Barritt. Their modest simplicity, fervent piety, and christian-like behaviour, I have not seen excelled. May they prove faithful to the end.' "*

1798. Soon after this, I went to Sheffield, and laboured with those men of God, Mr. James Wood, and Mr. Bramwell: Mr. Wood gave me a plan, and the Lord was with us there, and in the circuit.

May 8, 1798. A friend came for me to Sheffield. I thought much as I rode, being separated from my friends, but not from my chief friend: the Lord was truly precious; but this going among strangers, is what sometimes feels hard to flesh and blood—but cease complaint—what are my hardships to his who bled on the tree?—but I must stop; I have to speak: Lord, stand by thy worm this once more, and I will praise thee. Hearing by letter that my kind friends, Mr. Wade of Sturton-grange, and Mr. Allen of Church Fenton, were disappointed in coming to see me at Sheffield, as they had purposed to do, I sat down and made the following lines:—

Let all my heart for ever be,
Constrain'd, my Lord, to follow thee;
Through all my way to death:
Resolv'd to travel on the road,
That leads through all on earth to God;
Till I resign my breath.

I seem denied of earthly friends,
But thou hast wise, and gracious ends
In all thou dost to me;
Lord I resign myself, and say,
Thy holy law I will obey,
And give my heart to thee.

For ever keep this heart of mine
 Thou Lord of all! Thou love divine!
 From all created things;
 That I may know thy heav'nly will,
 And all my work on earth fulfil;
 As Jesus' priests and kings.

Like them I would thy will perform,
 And live for thee in ev'ry storm;
 Till this short life be past:
 With blessings crown my life, if spar'd,
 I'd live on earth, to be prepar'd,
 To live with God at last.

Saturday, June 3. Praise the Lord, he is still better to me than all my fears. We had a large congregation: they behaved well, and many shed tears. In the latter meeting, three found pardon, and some remained in distress. — 5, This is my day of liberty: O that I may make a better use of my precious time! I have been to see a young man that is in a decline: who can tell the scenes of misery there are in the world. I should not have conjectured, or scarce believed, had not my eyes bore witness. I feel more and more cause to praise my God. O what cause for a thankful heart! I have food and friends—I have health, and many comforts. I ought to be all for God, but I come far short of what I ought to be. O God, help me forward for Christ's sake!

We have the following notice in the Life of Mr. Longden, first edition, page 143:

"*Sheffield, May 21.*—Mary Barritt preached this evening from 2 Kings xx. 1.—She is a woman of God—spake with propriety, and an uncommon degree of power.—The people felt the word, and I hope lasting good was done."

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Monday, June 10, 1798. O Lord, help me to praise thee more than ever, for I have greater

cause! Yesterday morning, I was at Bamford, and spake from "*O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken:*" the power of God came down in a most wonderful manner; six or seven, I think, before we parted, found the Lord; some to justify, and some to sanctify. Bless God for both! About two o'clock, we left that place, and set forward for Eyam, with about eight or nine in company; but the devil, to whom I have been no friend these many years, intended, I believe, my death.. I was riding up a very steep hill: the good man that rode before me, would not suffer me to get off, but alighted himself, and I sat forward on the slape saddle. As [we rode along, one of the foremost horses struck backward, and my horse, to save itself, sharply threw itself down the hill: I was thrown off some yards down the hill, and on the wrong side, but alighted on my hip and my hand: the Lord saved me from going sick: my dear friends alighted, and helped me on my feet: as soon as I was able to speak, I said, "praise God, the devil has not power to take away my life as yet." It was with some difficulty I rode to Eyam; and when I got thither, I could scarcely get over the house floor. The people being strangers to me, did not look on me with that tenderness, I knew some of my other dear friends would have done, had they been there; but the best of all was, God was with me, and I said, in his strength I will have another stroke at the devil's kingdom for this, if God spare me. It was with great difficulty, by the help of one person, I was able to walk to the chapel, and into the pulpit.—O how I thanked the Lord: my heart burned with love to the hundreds of precious souls. I spoke from, "*The great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand.*" I believe, God

helped me to speak as I never spoke before : I forgot my affliction till I had done speaking : men and women were in tears on every side ; but to my great sorrow, I could not get to the distressed, so that after a few of my dear friends had prayed, I was obliged to conclude ; but bless God, I am clear of all their blood. It was with much pain I got back again to my lodgings : I then rubbed the bruised places with spirits of wine and camphor, and I think it took a little of the pain away. After supper, and prayer, it was with great difficulty and pain I was got up stairs, and to bed : I slept but little, but at the worst of times could say, "*thy will be done.*"

June 11, 1798. This morning, it was hard work to get on to my feet, and harder to put on my clothes, as my hand and arm were much bruised, and very stiff ; but, bless the Lord, I can hold my pen and write, and the pain is not now so violent. O help me, my God, to be more thankful than ever : my soul is very happy, thank God.—I have but little of the company of the dear folks : I know not how it is, but I do not feel at home as at some places.—Lord, bless my dear friends in the York circuit, and those at Sturton-Grange : I may as well forget to exist as forget them ; but let that consideration suffice for the present : I shall meet them one day, where winds, and storms, and aches, and pains, shall be felt no more for ever. O Lord bless, and save, and keep us against that day, when—

" We shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet."

Eyam, Tuesday, June 12. This forenoon, I have been riding among the Derbyshire hills : O the wonders of creation ! what caused the earth

to stay on heaps?—but if I see such wonders in this world, what shall I see in the next? Nay, I must leave that for eternity to unfold. Last night I felt much better of my lameness, and led a class: five or six found the Lord to sanctify their souls, and some their evidences brightened: it was a most precious season indeed to my own soul. I long to be more useful for God, but I feel so sore after my late fall, that I cannot labour as I could wish; however, Lord help me, and I will try; but I have got among strangers again: they look at me as if I were come out of some other land: Lord help me this night for thy glory: bless God, I am happy; but, dear Lord,

“With all thy fulness fill,
And then transport away,
Away to my eternal rest,
Away to my Redeemer's breast.”

Lord bless all my Colne friends, &c., and prosper thy work in all their hearts, and mine, for Jesus' sake.

Bradwell, Wednesday, June 13. Praise the Lord, I am spared to see another morning with joy. Last night, the chapel was crowded: I spake from—“*For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.*” The power of God seized upon many. I dismissed the people, but though it was so very warm, very few went away: one found the pardoning mercy of God, two the sanctifying influences of the Spirit, and many went away in deep distress. The Lord grant that many may find mercy this night! I feel no doubt but God sent me into Derbyshire: thank the Lord, I feel my bodily strength a little repaired, and the soreness in part gone, but I cannot rest well at nights: O that I may never forget to praise my God! I

long to praise him more and more. Last night I had a remarkable dream, concerning a friend of mine.—I also was led to see, in a dream, an omen of the devil's efforts to destroy me; but, bless God, I feel my soul happy this morning, and much given up to God: Lord save me, for thy mercy's sake, Amen.

“ In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see,
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.”

God bless all my dear friends this day, and enable them to pray for me!

Thursday, June 14: same place. Lord be praised, I am alive in both soul and body.—Yesterday I went to visit the sick; it was a blessed season: three or four were enabled to believe that God did *then* and *there*, for his Son's sake, pardon all their sins. I came back, worn out with my labour: my head was very bad: I got some dinner, and laid me down to rest: my head continued very painful and sore: I got better, and went into the chapel at the time. I spake from Isaiah—“*Hear ye deaf, and look ye blind that ye may see.*” I spake till my strength was gone, and thank the Lord, not in vain: four that we knew of, got into liberty; but afterwards, I felt much pain: my head feels the effects of my fall: I could not eat any supper. After prayer, I went to bed, bless God, very happy in my soul, though very poorly in body. I thought, it is a mercy my dear friends do not know of it. God bless them all, and grant them all the riches of thy grace. Amen.

Friday, June 15. Thank the Lord, I am yet spared; but yesterday morning appeared one of the longest mornings I ever saw. I awoke before two, and slept no more till after seven, and

then but about one hour. Those that know any thing of me, would have known something was the matter when I could not sleep. The Lord generally favours me with sweet rest at night, to enable me to go through the labour he has called me to sustain during the day. I felt very sore all over, but especially my head: I was not able to eat my breakfast as before. Whilst in bed, the devil reasoned hard with me, suggesting, I was among strangers, and far from home, and my most valuable friends. This was in some measure true, but his design was not accomplished by it; for I knew I was under the care of my God, and I dared to trust him in the worst of times.

Our friends from Eyam came for me: I rode with more comfort than I expected, but O my head was very poorly. Soon after tea, I felt a little better, and went into the chapel, according to appointment, and spoke from Luke vi. 47: thank the Lord, I felt more liberty than I expected. I was poorly afterwards, but the master of the house said, if I complained, they would put me into the pulpit again: bless God, three souls found liberty this night.

Bakewell, Friday Evening, June 15, 1798. This morning I awoke before two, and slept no more till after six: my throat was much swelled, so that it was with great difficulty I swallowed any thing. I got a little warm gruel, and then slept a little after: I have something of a fever upon me; if for thy glory, Lord, remove it; but thy will be done. My strength hath hitherto been according to my day. I believe what I have felt in this illness has been through my fall, and when the effects will cease I know not: if more for thy glory, Lord, let it be soon; if not, "*thy will be done,*" to which I can still add my

hearty, amen. The reason of my writing this night for this day is, I have no public meeting to attend : this has been a happy day—though a day of much bodily pain.

One thing I remarked this day, as we rode in the chaise by the side of a hill, coming down into the highway side. For the space of, I think, sixty yards, there are stones now on the top of the earth, any of which, I believe, more than could be drawn by one horse : the friend that was with me, said, they were seen to rise out of the earth to the top of the ground : persons that passed on the road saw it ; and this has taken place since the last Christmas. I thought this was sufficient to convince any atheist of the being and power of God

Saturday Morning, June 16. This is the third morning my sleep hath left me—O my God, what is the matter : the last night I never closed my eyes, nor slept until four o'clock this morning, when I begun to wrestle with the Lord in earnest prayer, and said, "O Lord my God, this will never do for me ; I cannot live and labour ; do, if it please thee, give me sleep ; I cannot do without six hours of sleep : Lord, let me sleep six hours." While I was praying, sleep closed my eyes : I awoke, and while I was putting on my clothes, I heard the clock strike *ten* : then I remembered my prayer, and praised God, for answering my request. I think, if my heavenly Father will thus remember and answer a prayer for the body, he will hear and save sin-sick souls.

" Me for thine own thou lov'st to take
In time and in eternity ;
Thou never, never wilt forsake,
A helpless worm that trusts in thee."

There was no room for my Lord in an inn,
but the servant is above his Lord : the travelling

preachers are taken in here at an *inn*, and here is my home. The landlord and his wife both enjoy sanctification. Lord, work on here, and bring to thyself the universe. God bless all my Yorkshire friends, and grant they may not forget to pray for me: the remembrance of them is a blessing to my soul. Praise God.

Monday, June 18. I spent a comfortable day, to be at a public-house: O bless the Lord, for christians in every station of life. I spake from—"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." The people in general here pretend to be church folks, and I spake to them as such: some wept: I trust it will not be forgotten. At night, I was not able to attend the prayer-meeting; but as soon as our friends were gone, I began to speak to them in the house: I proposed prayer afterwards, and had not prayed long, before a woman began to cry for mercy; and after her another, so that two were awakened, and both brought into liberty, in the public-house. Mr. Smith laboured with all his heart. Bless God for such a public-house; there is room for Jesus there. On Monday, I was bled with leeches: I trust, the Lord will bless the means for my recovery: do, Lord, if it please thee, that I may praise thee more and more. In the afternoon, my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, took the chaise, and brought me hither: their driver has got a concern for his soul: Lord save him for thy mercy's sake. We had a blessed time in the meeting: two souls were brought into the liberty of God, and many more were convinced of sin, and came to enquire their way to heaven. O praise the Lord, that he ever employed unworthy me, in such a work as this! O my God, bless my soul more than ever, and

help me to be all for another world. I see every day, numbers all alive for this: O how men and women throw away precious time. May these be as a useful beacon to me; may I be taught by their example, to be useful to all I come near.

Basley, Tuesday, June 19, 1798. Last night I received two letters from my dear friends. It was with a thankful heart I heard from them, whom I so dearly love. Praise God for good news. This day I have been answering letters, particularly Miss W——'s, and Mr. A——'s: my soul hath been much blessed in writing to them: I shall never forget to praise God, I trust, for the happy times I have had with them; but when I call to mind *thy* love, O my God, I am constrained to praise thee, and I will praise thee for ever, yea for ever and ever, when time is no more! This night I met a class: it was a blessed time indeed: five obtained a clean heart. The Lord is working wonders, and sanctifying souls on every side: O Lord, work on at Sturton, in York circuit, and among my dear Lancashire friends!

Towark, Wednesday Morning, June 20. This is a dear family, at whose house I am: the good man of the house is a local preacher: bless God for such local preachers, so simple and lively. I spake from—"The Lord added to his church daily such as should be saved." I know not what I said, but the power of God came down, and nearly filled the place: many were pricked in their hearts by the word, and constrained to cry out for mercy. The greatest part of them were young women, with feathers in their hats. I think I never saw such a sight of young dear creatures cry out as at this—Grinelford Bridge. The Lord has a great work to do here; and if he will make unworthy me useful in it, he shall

have all the praise. There were four that found mercy at this time, and numbers left in deep distress.

Thursday, June 21. This day the Lord is truly precious to my soul, but I long to be more and more lost in God; for I feel, to know him is life, and peace, and pleasure without end. At times I get a view of the glorious inheritance, and can say with the great apostle—“*I have a desire to depart, to be with Christ which is far better.*” I feel my mind drawn out to join the innumerable company, yea the church of the first-born, and the angels, with the four and twenty elders, and all those that came out of much tribulation, having washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; but, O my God, shall I one day see them? Yea, if I am faithful, and hear them, and join them. Glory be to God!

While I was in this circuit, I visited Doncaster, and preached there in August, 1798, several times, and good was done. I also visited Black Barnsley, and laboured with much liberty, power, and success, in September, 1798.—One circumstance, I would not omit, as it encouraged me much, and may serve to encourage others. Mrs. James Wood accompanied me to Barnsley, where I spake on the sabbath-day afternoon and evening. One of these times I spake from—“*The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.*” On the Monday, Mr. James Wood came to take us back to Sheffield; he preached that evening. He would have me go into the pulpit with him; and after singing and prayer, he took for his text—“*The Son of man is come, &c.*” What I felt was indescribable. I wished myself out of sight; but after a little, as he went on, I found that his views, and ideas, were similar to my own, though ex-

pressed with much more propriety: this strengthened and encouraged me beyond measure, as I had never heard the passage spoken from before, and had only the light the Lord himself had given me.

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The following letter I received from Mr. Allen:—

*Church Fenton, Sherborn,
July 12, 1798.*

MY DEAR MARY,

It is always with much pleasure I write to one I so highly love and esteem. How soon does our kindred spirits travel from place to place, after each other. My dear brother Wade and I had a most agreeable journey to Sheffield, but *Oh*, this *parting*! I was at the love-feast, at Tadeaster, on Sunday: they came about me like *bees*, to know if I had seen Mary—and to know how she did, and if she were coming back.—The man that has troubled you so much with his letters, was there; and I told him, he must not write to you any more. We have been doing something for brother M——, which I know will cause you to rejoice. We have already got him forty guineas, or upwards. Brother—informs me of your labours at Rotherham. Give God all the praise, and labour on at his command. My love to Messrs. Deusnap, Bramwell, Wood, and Pipe, and all the dear friends: I shall ever remember their kindness: bear me up constantly at a throne of grace. Let me hear soon when you will be among us. Let us praise the Lord, and till we see each other, let us see *Him*, in his Son—in his word—and in all the members of Christ. How slow will posts go in comparison of love.

From your's, as ever,

WILLIAM ALLEN.

While I was in this circuit, I was informed by letter, that my dear mother was sick. Mr.

H—— was so kind as to accompany me to Colne ; but, praise the Lord, she recovered in a little time. I stopped a few weeks, and laboured in Colne circuit, and evident good appeared. My brother and sister, from the Whitehaven circuit, came over, and much wished me to return with them ; but Mr. W., from Sturton-Grange, came over for me, and we all three accompanied him to Leeds, on Saturday ; and on the sabbath, we had a glorious time at Woodhouse, with dear Mr. and Mrs. B. : good was done. On Tuesday, we went to Mr. W——'s, at S—— : it was a good time. On Wednesday evening I laboured, and we held a prayer-meeting afterwards : several souls found the Lord to save from sin. Glory be to his dear name. My brother and sister stayed till the Monday following, when I accompanied them to Wetherby : he preached : we had a good time : Christ was precious ; and good was done. I parted with them on Tuesday morning, returned soon after into the York circuit, and from thence into Leeds circuit, where I spent six weeks. Multitudes of souls got awakened ; very many found peace ; and others, purity. God is a God of power : I have oft found him so : praise his name !

The following letter I received about this time :—

Sheffield, Oct. 2, 1798.

DEAR SISTER IN JESUS,

The first words I have got to say, are—*Bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name ;* for he hath visited and redeemed my soul from the bondage of sin and death, and given me a blooming hope of immortality. I am now rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. Brother S—— shewed me your letter : I do rejoice that you are growing higher in sanctification. May God carry on

his blessed work in your soul, and mine, and in every follower of Jesus. I bless God for a soft, tender heart, and for a hard sanctification: the more it is tried the harder it grows. At the very worst of times, I am very clear in that invaluable blessing. O may my soul worship and adore the Lamb, and fall down at his feet every moment. I have been lately blest with much poverty of spirit: I pray for more of it, that free will, and free grace may go on hand in hand together,—rejoicing evermore; praying without ceasing; and in every thing giving thanks, *Amen*. My prayer to God for you, is, that he may deepen the work of his grace in your soul—that he may lead you in the way he would have you to go—that he would make you more humble—that he may strip and clothe you—crucify and raise you—that you may be dead, and have your life hid with Christ in God. *I know that he hath called you to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation*, and my heart (just now) says, “*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring—glad tidings.*” O how I do love the messengers of Jesus; they are dear to me for his precious name’s sake. Time flies—eternity approaches:—may all the blessings of the new covenant attend you—may you perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord; and may my God keep his poor *Mary*, like the king’s daughter, all glorious within, *Amen*, Lord Jesus. My wife’s best love to you, in which all my family join,—and my poor unworthy self, though last, yet not least interested in your welfare—would wish to subscribe his two mites, requesting an interest in your prayers. I remain, (I trust of a piece) dear Sister,

Your unworthy Friend,

GEORGE LEVICK.

I left Leeds about a fortnight before Christmas-day, 1798. I met my dear brother at Penrith, where I spake, but it was a hard time—O how cold is religion here: I prayed, “Lord help our preachers!” We got to Whitehaven about

Christmas-day : I spake a little on the Saturday night. I was much rejoiced to see my dear brother and sister, and the dear children. My sister's mind was very low, through the many difficulties and afflictions she had passed through in Scotland, and giving way to the common enemy of souls. My heart has oft rejoiced since, that I met her here ; for she only lived three weeks and two days after. The Lord was with us the first sabbath-day : several were stirred up to seek his face, and some backsliders restored ; my niece for one : she was not, I think, nine years of age. My sister was much stirred up at this : she felt her mind very hard, till she heard her own child cry out ; upon which, she rose up, and went and prayed with her, till she rejoiced, and praised God. Many souls got blessed that week ; and the week following, we went to several places in the country : good was done, and my soul was happy. Praise the Lord !— We had a particular good time the third Saturday night : my sister prayed with several, and the Lord blessed her own soul, and her labours : after the meeting broke up, I heard her say, “ Glory be to God, I have now got my revenge upon Whitehaven ;” for she had been particularly pained at the unkindness of some, but the worst she wished them in return was, that they might get more religion, which when she saw, she rejoiced abundantly.

The following letter came to hand about this time :—

Bristol, August 7, 1798.

MY DEAR SISTER,

May grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied to you from God and from the Lord Jesus Christ. I wrote to you from York to say when I should be at Sheffield,

and accordingly came, but found you were gone to *Chester*; and when I came there, I found you were in the other part of the circuit.—However, I drop you a line to say, that I expect to be in *Sheffield* on Monday next, on my way to *York*, and should be very glad to see you.—And I beg and intreat you not to fail being in the way, either at *Chesterfield* or *Sheffield*.—May the good will of him that dwelt in the bush, dwell in your heart for ever and ever.

Your's affectionately in Christ,

WILLIAM BLACKBORNE.

* * * * *

1799. I left my sister on sabbath-day morning, to go with my brother through the country part of the circuit; but it was a final farewell to me: she said, that morning, "I am but poorly, but shall either be better or worse before your return." My brother returned from *Wigton* to his dear dying wife, and found her praising God in a wonderful manner. She had conquered herself so far, as to desire her husband not to pray for her life, for she believed he had prayed her back once before.—I had a good time that evening: one old pharisee was awakened; and the next morning we prayed with him nearly three hours, when he found peace with God. His wife afterwards was brought to the truth: this was a miracle of mercy: these were strict church folks, and appeared self-secure; but nothing is too hard for God.

I rode to *Carlisle* the next day. (This was in the spring of 1799.) It was but a cold time, but many seemed glad to see me. I went to *Brampton* on the Saturday. God was with us of a truth: many got to see clearly the way of holiness, and never rested till they entered into the glorious liberty.

On Monday night, I was sent for to Whitehaven, to attend my sister's funeral. I got in on Tuesday night: she was interred on the Wednesday: it was a solemn time. In a few days after her interment, I accompanied my brother into the country: we had good times: dear Mr. Dall was very friendly; God bless him.—At one place, the Lord poured out his Spirit in a powerful manner: it appeared as if all the people in the chapel were alarmed: conviction seemed to flash through the place, and many fell to the ground: we wrestled with them, and several found peace with God. For a fortnight together, about this time, my head was so very painful, occasioned by riding all night to get to my sister's funeral, that I could scarce sit on horseback on the daytime, but it always left me about six o'clock, when I had to labour that evening; so that it became proverbial with my brother, and others that knew of it, that however ill in the daytime, I should be well towards evening.

My brother brought his family to Colne, and I supplied his place in the Whitehaven circuit. The arm of the Lord was made bare in a wonderful manner, to wound and to heal, to kill and to make alive; so that when he came back, there were *one hundred and eleven added to the society*, and several more afterwards. At one village in the circuit, there were three clergymen came to hear, the eldest of whom sat in the chair before me while I spoke, and said Amen, heartily.—Another of them had been a persecutor of the Methodists in that part, but said afterwards to one of our friends, that if what he had heard was the Methodists' doctrine, he was sorry for what he had said, and hoped no one should hear him speak against them for the future.

My brother met me at Brampton. I had a

most glorious time at *Cockermouth*: a pious woman, a little before her death, desired I would speak on that occasion; I did so, and very many got awakened, and brought to God; especially a young man, Mr. George Thompson, who is now a travelling preacher.

* * * * *

1799. I then came to Barnard-Castle; and on our way we had to stop all night at a public-house, not being able on account of the deep snow to reach the place we intended. When I got off my horse at this inn I scarce could stand, being almost perished with cold, but felt exceedingly happy, and was enabled to praise God.—I told the people of the house we were Methodists—that we were endeavouring to do what good we could to precious souls; and though I was not able to take any refreshment, I spoke to the whole family faithfully concerning the things of God: we then sung and prayed, and the whole family wept. The next morning, it had froze so hard that we came over hedges and ditches upon the deep snow (though in the month of April), to Barnard-Castle, where I had good times: the Lord was with us. Praise his name! But when the stewards and leaders heard of my coming, they laid their heads together to know what must be done; for when I was there before, they refused my labouring in the chapel: our other friends then procured a malt-kiln, where much good was done. The stewards, &c. were now convinced of their error in refusing me the chapel, and they were persuaded, the curse of God had been upon them ever since: they thought the consequence might be bad if they refused me now; therefore they gave me full liberty to try to do all the good I could in the chapel.—At this time, Mr. Wiltshaw travelled here, who

kindly took me to his house, and both himself and wife entered heartily into the work, and prayed with souls in distress. Soon after this, Mrs. Wiltshaw was convinced that a dispensation of the gospel was committed to her, and she preached occasionally, until she was removed hence by death. On this subject we had much conversation while together; and her convictions, and resolutions were greatly strengthened by the relation of my experience, and the effects which she witnessed at that time. On the Tuesday, I told them, I must go to Stockton, as I had engaged to speak there that evening. Mr. Wiltshaw said, it was impossible to get, on account of the breaking up of the ice, and the heavy rain; but as I seldom suffered any weather or roads to prevent me attending my appointments, I was fully resolved to proceed, to prevent which he locked up my mare in the stable: however, afterwards, on my begging and praying him with tears, he accompanied me about half the way.

At Stockton, much good was done: five, if not more, were brought into the liberty of the children of God; three of whom became preachers of the gospel: one preached till he died; another, is a local preacher; and the third, Mr. Robert Garbut, is now a travelling preacher in the Wesleyan connexion.—I again met with Mr. V. and Mr. B. We went together to Redcar, where I found a sister in the way, who had laboured publicly for several years: we had good times; the Lord was present, in a glorious manner. The morning following, either two or three found peace; but religion had been at a low ebb here. May the Lord revive his work, in the midst of the days, in the midst of the years.

1799. I then accompanied Mr. V. to Whitby, and the Lord was with us : we saw souls saved every night for a considerable time, and some mornings successively several got clear in sanctification : God was with us of a truth. One night, one of our friends was going through Church-Street, between ten and eleven o'clock, and heard them at prayer almost in every house. I went round the circuit afterwards, and several remarkable circumstances happened in that time, too numerous to mention. I bless God for that journey.

* * * * *

I had much communion with the Father, and the Son, through the Spirit, and many gracious seasons, both in public and in private. One night the Lord awakened a chimney-sweeper : I saw, by the light of the candle, tears trickling down his black face : after speaking, I went to him, saying—"man, do you know you have a soul?" he said, "yes."—I said, "kneel down then"—he did so : the eyes of many were upon us : I clapped my hands upon his shoulder, and prayed for him : he prayed for himself, and in a little time he arose rejoicing, to the amazement of all present. Five or six more found the Lord that same night.

I again visited Redcar, and found that the time before when I was there, one young gentleman came to laugh at me : he had disputed both by land and sea, to prove that Christ was not the Son of God. The first time he heard, the Lord laid hold of his conscience ; and the night after, he came four or five miles, but from another motive. That night he cried out aloud for mercy, and the Lord spoke peace to his soul ; when he broke out in prayer with such propriety of expression, and power from God, as I seldom heard.

O the happiness this brought to his pious parents: they rejoiced, and gave glory to God.— After this, I had some glorious times in the circuit; and from thence came to Scarborough, and stayed two nights: some little good was done. Glory be to God!

I then came to Mr. W——'s, and spent one week in that neighbourhood. I found the Lord precious to my own soul, and a little fruit appeared, but I wanted rest: my bodily strength failed me: the spirit was willing, but the flesh weak. Most of my friends, *excepting those upon the spot where I was*, wished me to labour less, and rest more: my judgment convinced me, that if I continued in this way of fatigue and labour, I could not hold it out long; but if I could spare myself a little, I might probably live longer, and of course in the issue be more useful, though not for the present.

1799. I returned with Mr. Michael Emmett, and Mr. Allen, of Fenton, into Wetherby circuit, where I spent a month agreeably and profitably: God was with us, though some opposed his work.

At Knaresbrough also, evident good was done, though the devil was there to withstand us.

1799. At Harrogate, the Lord was present both to wound and to heal. We had a very large congregation: many appeared mere triflers, especially those towards the door; but the presence of a person with a star upon his breast, seemed presently to overawe them; for, as soon as they discovered him, there was an evident change on their countenances. It was a solemn, feeling time, and I hope some real good was done.— At Cumpton also, and in the neighbourhood, and at Mr. Wilson's, Wharton-Lodge, we had powerful times: many were brought into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

At Wighill, we felt the Lord with us of a truth. I then went to Sherborne, and from thence to my good friends Mr. Allen's, and Mr. Maskell's, in the York circuit. Many were brought to the knowledge of the truth, in Mr. A.'s barn: among the rest, one young man, Mr. B—— S——, who is now a travelling preacher. Mr. A. was with me at Tadcaster, on June the 30th, 1799, on the sabbath-day, and good was done.

Monday, July 1st. We set off for Scarborough: we had a pleasant journey. We got to Snainton that night: I was much fatigued with travelling, but spoke and prayed: several wept, and two or more found mercy.—We got into Scarborough the next day, and held a prayer-meeting, on Wednesday: I spake to the people, and some good was done. On Thursday, Mr. Vasey, Mr. George Clark, and some other friends, came from Whitby to help us: it was a good time: on Friday night, five or six found the Lord to pardon all their sins. O how good it is to pray with souls in distress! especially when we can enter into their very case, and as the Apostle expresses it, travail in birth for them, till Christ be formed in their hearts, the hope of glory. I find when that is the case with myself, they generally get through.

On Saturday, July 6, we left Scarborough, and rode to Bridlington.—I felt much united in spirit, to dear Mr. and Mrs. Holder. They have both been eminently useful in the salvation of souls.*—Mr. Holder held a love-feast on the

* There is an excellent account of the experience and travels of sister Holder, written by herself, in "*Biographical Sketches of the lives, and public ministry, of forty-five Holy Women, whose eminent usefulness, and successful labours in the church of Christ, have entitled them to be enrolled among the great Benefactors of mankind.*"—By Z. TATT.—See page 100.

sabbath-day: several souls found the Lord; and on Monday night many more.—On Tuesday night we went into the country: we met with Miss W——, and Miss C——. I never felt more power in speaking than that night: eight or ten that we knew of, found the favour of God; but Bridlington, on the Thursday night, exceeded all: many found peace; among whom were some of Mr. T. R——'s servants. On Friday we set off for Driffield, and the Lord was present.—We rode to Pocklington on Saturday, the 13th; and on the sabbath-day I preached out of doors, under a tree: it was a good time. At night, I spoke in the chapel: many that night were moved to set out for heaven, I trust, to look back no more. *“Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!”*

On Monday, at Mr. Whitaker's, there were five or six found peace with God. At night, I came to Mr. Allan's, Church Fenton, and was happy to meet with my two friends, Mr. W——, and Mr. H——. At Mr. Wade's we had a meeting, on the Tuesday night: two or more found the Lord. On Wednesday, I was at Mr. S——'s: four or five were brought to the saving knowledge of the truth, in a wonderful manner.—On Thursday night, I spake at Ferrybridge, for the first time: it was a glorious season. Mr. and Mrs. W., and Mr. V. were with me: that evening, five found him of whom Moses in the Law, and the Prophets did write. On Saturday, I dined at Mr. Blackborne's, at Leeds; and laboured at Mr. Burrow's, at Woodhouse. In the evening, it was a gracious time indeed: three found the Lord to pardon; and two on sabbath-day morning. Mr. W. and Mr. H. accompanied me to Otley, where I met with Mr. D., a blessed man of God. On sabbath-day evening, two found

the Lord to save from the guilt of sin ; but on Monday night, the power of God came down like unto a mighty rushing wind : eight or ten found the love of God, and some backsliders got healed. On Tuesday, I met some of my dear friends from Tanfield, and they accompanied me to Pateley Bridge. The people here appeared hard, compared with some I had lately met with : some little good was done : two professed to be brought into the liberty of God's dear children that evening ; and I have no reason to doubt the sincerity of their profession.

On Wednesday, I spoke at Skipton : it was a good time : several were in distress, but none got clear in pardon that I knew of. On Thursday, I came to Colne, and found my dear father and mother well ; also my brother, who came home that same evening : we rejoiced to meet again in the flesh. Having been some considerable time from home, my mother had a large bill against me, of what I had to pay as a member of the Methodist Society. A weekly contribution, and something quarterly, when the society tickets are given, is expected from every member, except in cases of extreme poverty. But this was paid most cheerfully ; indeed, from the very first of my becoming a member, to the present time, I have ever esteemed it both a duty and privilege to cast my mite into the treasury of God, in this way.—On Friday night, we had a watch-night at Colne : my brother spoke first, myself second, and then Mr. Shaw. Then we kept a prayer-meeting : two found God's pardoning mercy, and forgiving grace. My dear brother laboured hard, and my soul rejoiced abundantly. On Saturday night, I spoke at my brother Robert Barritt's, in the country, but had a hard time. On sabbath-day, my brother John preached in

the morning, Mr. Denton at noon, and myself at night: we continued a prayer-meeting: two souls were brought into liberty. My brother laboured with all his heart. God for ever bless him. On Monday night, I spoke again: it was a time to be remembered, I trust for ever. Several were brought to the knowledge of the truth: we continued the meeting until eleven o'clock. I bless God, from my heart, for reviving his work in, and about Colne. Praise the Lord, that he ever sent Mr. Shaw to be the happy instrument: his name is dear to hundreds of those who had the happiness to sit under his ministry. Surely, *they that win souls are wise; and they that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as stars in the firmament for ever and for ever.*

On Tuesday, July 30, 1799, my brother and I rode to Manchester Conference: we got in to hear Mr. Pawson, from—1 Peter, iii. 15. "*But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts, &c.*" I afterwards heard Mr. L. Harrison, from—Psalm xvii. 15. "*I shall be satisfied, &c.*" Also, Mr. T. Taylor, from—James, i. 15. "*But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, &c.*" I likewise, heard another sermon, from—2 Cor. iv. 5. "*For we preach not ourselves, &c.*"; but it appeared to me, that self was so much exhibited in this sermon, that I could scarce see Jesus Christ.

On Friday night, I spoke in Mr. Broadhurst's room, for the first time, from—Heb. xiv. 9. "*There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.*" We had a good time: afterwards, several souls were brought into liberty.—I spoke at Mr. Broadhurst's door, from—Romans, vi. 22. "*But now being made free from sin, &c.*" The penitents were invited to return into the room, and several of them found the Lord.

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1799. I spoke on Thursday, August 8, at Shude-hill, from—John, v. 17. "*My Father worketh hitherto and I work.*" One gentleman in particular, a deist, got powerfully awakened; and on Sunday night, while I was speaking, from—"The great day of his wrath is come, &c." he was enabled to lay hold of God by faith, and was brought out of darkness into marvellous light. Here the Lord saved souls every day: O that I could lay more at his feet: all glory to God and the Lamb! This Conference time was a great blessing to me: may I never forget it.

About this time, I received the following letter from Mr. Allen, Church Fenton:—

DEAR MARY,

It is with great pleasure I sit down to write to one I so highly esteem and love, as I do you for your works' sake. I long to know how you are going on in Sheffield, and the circuit. The Lord will always own and bless your labours, so long as you keep humble, simple, and preach a *free*, a *present*, and a *full* salvation. Glory be to God, he has blessed them amongst us in York circuit abundantly; perhaps more than he ever did since he called you to speak in his name. And what is best of all, your fruit remains. I was at York love-feast last Tuesday:—the first man that spoke praised God that ever that woman was sent among them—for his soul's good, &c.; then another, and another, &c. stood up and testified the same; and they prayed for your return, which was seconded by the hearty amens of all the assembly, and by your unworthy friend. It was a glorious and precious time indeed. Some had come from far, hoping to see you there; but the *Master* was at the feast. O when shall we be visited by you again, and be favoured with your company.—As far as I know my own heart, I feel a peculiar love to all that I know are rendered useful in the work of the Lord. I bless God, I feel my soul

happy while I am writing. I hope we shall meet where parting will be no more. May the God of all grace shine upon you more and more, and keep you humble; then you will be more and more useful; then you will be ever dear to your unworthy friend and servant,

WM. ALLEN.

About this time, I received the following letter from Mr. Stephenson:—

Norwich, Sept. 19, 1799.

DEAR SISTER BARRITT,

You will not think it is romantic, when it is signified that the divine interposition has been manifested in your visit to this circuit; which makes it appear that a work is to be done with or by *you*; for in all probability the superindendent would not have invited you, had he not first heard you speak. We have not been able yet to learn the extent of the effects of the Tuesday night meeting, as several persons would get good who lived out of the town. One notorious person, an aged woman, named M—— P——, who had been a monster of iniquity, and an heroine at the diversions of bull-baiting, heard you on Monday evening, and the next night found peace, and manifests as yet, the marks of true conversion, having withstood the most pressing solicitations from her old companions to her favourite amusement.—But it is expected that this only is preparatory to a still greater work that may be done through your instrumentality on your next visit, which we hope will be hastened, as you feel for poor sinners. There are other places where you are wanted.—You have given universal satisfaction, and the leaders appear a little stirred up. The way is now fully opened for your second visit, and it is hoped that your labours will be attended with more signal consequences. If you have leisure before you leave Manchester, it would be esteemed a favour for you to give directions how we may conduct ourselves to further in some measure the *Revival*, or at least not to hinder it.

Your's, &c.,

M. STEPHENSON.

* * * * *

August 29, 1799. Mrs. Broadhurst, George Mosby,* and myself, set off for Mrs. Colley's, near Preston-brook. The Lord poured out his Spirit on the people in a wonderful manner: some of the most abandoned characters in that neighbourhood were awakened and converted to God. A local preacher came up to me, and said, "help me to praise God;" I replied, "what for? tell us;" he answered, "I have a son for whom I have prayed ever since he was born, and he has been very wicked: about three weeks or a month ago, I said to him, I can pray no more for thee; thou grows worse and worse; I must give thee up:—but the first night you spoke, God alarmed his soul, and several of his companions; and last Friday night week, I went with him to Broadworth; there he cried out for mercy, and the Lord pardoned all his sins: since then, he has been very happy and steady. I asked him this morning, how he was; he said, 'Father, I am happy;' and my wife, who used not to kneel down with me to prayer, is now under a deep concern for her soul." The first time Mr. Goodwin the preacher came, he joined eight or nine new members.

At a place called Fradson, the Lord was with us, and pardoned an old professor and his wife, that had taken in the preachers for many years: they joined heartily in the work of the Lord, and became a blessing to the people.

* This was one of the praying colliers, who were made so eminently useful in the salvation of souls, through a great part of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and Nottinghamshire. He, in company with his brother William, spent several years in travelling from place to place. William usually gave an exhortation, for which he had a very profitable gift: George's usefulness chiefly consisted in his mighty faith and prayer.



1799. I then spoke several times at a place called Whitley Chapel; a most glorious work broke out: in a few nights, about *forty* souls got happy in the pardoning love of God, and several cleansed from all sin. O how did my heart rejoice and praise God! And at Northwich, the Lord was present to wound and to heal, to kill and to make alive; there were some remarkable things happened in this journey, at this place, and in the neighbourhood.—One woman, who had been very fond of the cruel amusement of bull-baiting, came to hear, got awakened, and the night following found the Lord to pardon all her sins. About a week after, she was strongly solicited to attend her favourite amusement, but positively refused. A man also, who had been a drunkard for many years, and lived a few miles in the country, came to town to attend the bull-baiting; but hearing tell that a woman was going to speak in the Methodist Chapel, he, among the crowd, came to see and hear, from motives of mere curiosity; but the Lord graciously opened his eyes to see his own case, and mercifully touched his heart to feel his danger: he returned home; and his wife astonished to see him so soon, said, “What is to do now, would nobody go with thee to the public-house?” He said, “come, no more of that; let us kneel down, and try to pray:” the woman astonished, gladly obeyed; for she had been a Methodist for some years, but he had made her way very rough. He came the night following, and the Lord spoke peace to his soul. This account I had from his own lips, when at Knutsford, with much more, that I have not time now to put down. He could now join as in singing—

" Suffice that for the season past,
 Hell's horrid language fill'd our tongues ;
 We all thy words behind us cast,
 And lewdly sang the drunkards' songs.

But O the pow'r of grace divine !
 In hymns we now our voices raise
 Loudly in strange Hosannahs join,
 And blasphemies are turn'd to praise."

There were several other like instances : one more shall suffice for the present.—A man out of the country being informed I was to preach, was determined to come and hear for himself : his wife strove to prevent him coming, and was much enraged : when she found he was determined, she was still more liberal in her hard speeches, and breathed nothing but curses, threatenings, and slaughter ; and after he was gone, she went and locked all the doors, resolving that he should not come in that night : after she had ~~done this~~, she went up stairs, kneeled down, and prayed fervently to Almighty God to d—n me : she had but prayed a little while, when she saw the room full of devils or evil spirits ; at this, her prayer was soon changed into " Lord have mercy [on me ; save my soul," &c. : when her husband came back, it was with great difficulty she arose from her knees, but after some time she did, and got down, opened the door, and received him joyfully :—they both kneeled down and prayed together, and as I remember, the Lord pardoned them both while on their knees. I have since seen and conversed with them, and the woman informed me herself, with tears, of the circumstance of her praying for my damnation. They have both joined the Methodists, and got the local preachers to preach at their house. Some of their ungodly neighbours told them they would lose their farm : to secure this point, the good man went to his landlord, and told him

that his neighbours had said, if he took in the preachers, *Sir John* would turn him off his farm; his landlord replied, that, if he turned him off for being a Methodist, he might turn off all his tenants, for he thought they were all going to be Methodists now;—‘no,’ added he, ‘if you and your wife can agree any better than you used to do, you may take in who you please: you shall not be turned off.’

1799. About this time, or soon after, I returned again to Knutsford, accompanied by many friends; where we held a love-feast, and the Lord poured out his spirit. Some Manchester friends came over to help us, and found it to be a time to be remembered: several souls were enabled to rejoice in the Lord. I spoke both before and after the love-feast. In the evening, several souls were brought into liberty. The next morning, I was desired to walk about a mile, to see a sick friend; but before I went in, the house being on the highway side, I saw a poor man coming along, having a wooden leg: my own father having had his leg broke, and taken off, made me feel more for this poor man, and for all in such circumstances. As soon as he came up, he asked me for alms, and I spoke to him concerning his soul: I told him, I feared he had been getting drink at the public-house below: he assured me, he had not: I then began to converse with him upon the subject of our fall in Adam, and asked him, whether he knew he was a sinner: he said, he did;—“it is about two months,” said he, “since I was overtaken by a gentlemen on the road: he was very kind to me, and told me, that about a quarter of a year ago he had found the mercy of God, and a pardon for all his sins; and since that time, I have prayed to the Almighty for my sins to be par-

done.” I invited him into the house : our friends that accompanied me, seemed to wonder who I had got. There were about six or seven in company : I spoke to them separately, and asked them, whether they were clear as it respected the enjoyment of God’s pardoning mercy ; to which they all replied in the affirmative. I then turned to the poor man, and after speaking my own experience, assured him, that I believed if he was in good earnest, the Lord was not only able, but willing also, to forgive him before he left that place : while I was speaking, tears fell from his face like great drops of rain. I gave him my pocket-handkerchief, and we kneeled down : several prayed, and the Lord was present indeed : he trembled, groaned, and cried out, “ Lord, canst thou forgive such a sinner as me ? ” Soon after, his countenance changed, and he broke out, “ I am happy : I do believe I am pardoned : ” he rose up and praised God.—As he was only going to the next town that day, I invited him to the Methodist chapel in the evening : he seemed desirous to know whether I should be there ; I told him, it was probable he would see me. At the time appointed, I went to speak. After standing up, I gave out—

“ Pris’ners of hope lift up your heads,
The day of liberty draws near,
Jesus who on the serpent treads,
Shall soon in your behalf appear,
The Lord will to his temple come,
Prepare your hearts to make him room :—”

And on looking upon the congregation before me, the first person I saw was this poor beggar : he evidently felt much, for the tears flowed down his face, when he looked up and saw me : he dropped down on the seat instantly : the power of God came down : I cannot describe what I

felt: my soul was filled, as with the fulness of God. He came next morning, with grateful acknowledgments for what God had done for him, still continuing happy, and entreating our prayers for him.

Soon after this, I went to Macclesfield, having been invited by Mr. Marsden, Mr. Heywood, and others. We had some gracious times in the country villages, especially at Lower-Ease chapel. I could speak from no passage but this—*"Come and see:"* the chapel was crowded, and as I spoke, the power of God descended, so that many wept much; and in the prayer-meeting, many cried out for the disquietude of their souls. Among the rest was a stout man, who, as I was informed afterwards, kept the prison. He had been asked the day before, if he had not had me in custody; for the devil, (my sworn enemy,) had instigated some of his servants to spread a report that I was a man in women's clothing, and that by profession I was a sailor, but had devised this scheme to make my escape, &c.—however, numbers were induced to *"come and see;"* and as I was describing the human heart, a course of sin, and the burning lake, many attended to the invitation, and were enabled to *"come and see"* a sight they never saw before, namely, their own sinful, wicked hearts: others were enabled to believe in Jesus, as exhibited upon the pole of the gospel, and were set at glorious liberty.

1799. Soon after this, I rode to *Buxton*, to which place Mr. and Mrs. Brandreth had long invited me. They welcomed me very kindly to their house, and the Lord made bare his arm. I spake from—Daniel v. 27. *"Thou art weighed in the balances, and found wanting."* The chapel was crowded to excess: both rich

and poor, all appeared eager to hear the word. Among the rest was a peer of the realm, who had a star upon his breast. He was very attentive; and the cries and distress of the people were very great: we continued till near midnight.—This season I cannot forget: my soul was filled with the fulness of God: there was indeed a shaking among the dry bones: several were saved; and some time after, I received a letter at Nottingham, informing me, that more than twenty had joined the society, who received good at that time. All glory to God and the Lamb!

* * * * *

From Buxton and the neighbourhood, I went again to Bakewell. Dear Mr. and Mrs. Smith were very kind, but nothing extraordinary took place.—From thence, one of our friends accompanied me to Nottingham. As I was a stranger in that part of the country, I was led to pray much all the way as we went. I was very desirous, and very importunate with the Lord, that he would go with me, and make me of some little use. The word of the Lord was in some degree as fire in my bones, and I felt much for the dying sons and daughters of men.

“SALVATION, O the joyful sound!

’Tis pleasure in our ears;

A sov’reign balm for ev’ry wound,

A cordial for our fears;

SALVATION, let the echo fly,

The spacious earth around;

While all the armies of the sky,

Conspire to raise the sound.”

As we rode along, I saw a sign at the foot of a hill, called Selston-Woodnook: I begged of my friend to stop a little, if they had any corn for our beasts, for I was afraid my mare would

not carry me to Nottingham well without a feed. The landlady came to the door, and upon enquiry, told us, they had a little corn: we alighted, and I accompanied her into the house; and while the mistress was warming some ale, I asked her, whether she ever prayed?—her answer was “do you think I have lived all these years and never prayed, I say my prayers every night:” I said, “yes, but you may go to the devil, saying of prayers, if you never prayed from your heart;” at which she looked cross, and left me: I followed her into the kitchen, where I saw some potatoes and oatmeal husks put together, and told her, if she would let me have some for my beast, I would pay her what she pleased; but she turned away, and said—nay, I shall not do that: I said, “pray God bless you, if you will not,” and following her into the house, I enquired, whether she kept the house herself, or whether she had a husband, and where he was? She told me, she had a husband, and he was getting in some corn at a distance: we then paid for what we had got, and rode off. In coming near a barn, I saw a man on a corn-stack, and felt my heart moved with compassion to say something to him, for the good of his never-dying soul; so I stopped, and shouted out—“Bless you man, how are you?” he answered, “pretty well madam, I thank you; but have not the pleasure to know who you are;” I answered, “may be so; but do you remember, that while you are getting in that corn, that *you* prepare to be corn for the garner of God; and if so, you must repent of your sins, and believe in Jesus Christ, or you will never come there: God bless your soul: good night:” then we rode on, and after we had rode a considerable distance, my friend said, the man is looking after us yet.—I learned afterwards

(from their own mouths), that as soon as the man had unloaded his cart, he went home, and asked his wife, if anybody had been there? she told him, there had been a man and a woman; and, said she, "a strange sort of a woman she is; she tells me, I am going to the devil:" he said, "whatever she told thee, I believe it to be true;" and further added, "dost thou not remember what I told thee about eight years ago, when thou asked me, why I would not go to church as usual? I told thee, I had gone a great number of years, and never got any good in my life; but that I would go no more, till God Almighty sent some one to my house to tell me what I must do; and this is the very person, who also has been talking to me, and I am determined to know further, or I will follow her to Nottingham this night:" at this, his wife began to expostulate, saying, "nay, my dear, but be satisfied till to-morrow, and the man that is gone with her will come this way, and then you can enquire of him concerning her;" but, continued she, "if this person be sent by the Lord, to be sure I am undone for ever; for she would have given me any money for some potatoes and seeds, but I would not let her have any." From that moment she began to be convicted for sin; for she had been a pharisee all her life. The day following, they anxiously waited, and looked for the return of my friend: when he came, they made much enquiry:—he informed them, that I was come into that part to speak to folks about their souls; and if they made enquiry, they would soon hear of me. The man of the house continued to enquire, and soon got to hear that a woman was going to preach about five miles from where he lived. The sabbath-day following, he came to the place, and wept when he came into

the barn ; and when I had about half done speaking, one cried out, " God Almighty bless thy soul for everlasting : " I soon discovered the face bathed in tears. The Thursday after, he came to Ilkestone, and cried out for mercy : the Lord spoke peace to his precious soul, and he returned eight miles home the same night, praising God. He informed his wife of what God had done for his soul, and told her, he would take her the first opportunity, which he did, to Mr. Greensmith's, where I had to speak ; the same house where, in answer to Mr. Bramwell's prayer, the Lord restored a young man to sight,—as recorded in Mr. Bramwell's life. She returned, praising the Lord ; and soon after, two sons and a daughter-in-law, found the mercy of God.—But to return : we travelled on, and that evening reached Nottingham, much wearied and fatigued with our journey. I went to see Mr. Bramwell, and we rejoiced together, that we were yet alive, and saw each other's face.—On the sabbath-day following, in the morning, I spake in the large chapel in Halifax-Lane, from—Psalm xxxvii. 4. "*Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.*"—I began with fear and trembling, but the Lord helped me, and blessed my own soul much : glory be to his holy name ! many tears were shed, and good was done. I preached again in the evening, to a very crowded audience : they heard as from, and for, eternity : some found peace with God ; others got more fully saved into himself. God was with this people of a truth. O that they may never sink, but continue to rise until the Lord

" — sweep the nations, shake the earth ;
Till all proclaim him God."

My next journey was to Ilkestone. As I rode along, I never felt more tempted in my life,

and experienced no relief till I got into the pulpit. Afterwards, I went down among the people: two found peace with God; several more were in distress, and the Lord began to pour out his spirit on the people: there was a shaking among the dry bones: many heard, and feared, and turned to the Lord. I then went to Draycott for a few days, where I laboured with success, and then returned to Ilkestone. Here the Lord again manifested his power, both to wound and to heal: many from the neighbouring villages, particularly Crossall and Totmankay, got much good. Glory be to God, and the Lamb! I then returned to Nottingham, and many souls were saved through the blood of the Lamb.

1800. Wednesday, January 15. I rode to Mansfield, and laboured hard: a few found the mercy of God.—At *Skegby*, several souls were saved from their sins, through faith in Christ; and some awakened to a sight and sense of their danger.—At Mansfield again, on the 19th, I laboured in the Calvinist Chapel, with liberty and power. The reason of my speaking in this chapel was, it was much larger than ours, but it was far too small to contain all the people. The dissenting minister freely gave me his pulpit, expressing his satisfaction afterwards to our friends. The Lord reward him. Many wept, and some got blessed. Glory be to God: souls are turning to him in this place!

* * * * *

About this time, I received the following letter, from the late Mr. George Clark, an excellent man. He was a bookseller, at Whitby.—Some account of him will be found in the Methodist Magazine for 1824:—

Whitby, Jan. 14, 1800.

VERY DEAR MARY,

We were favoured with your's, as also one from Mrs. Wood.—The reason we have not written, is, we heard you were engaged,—and we lately heard you were at the point of death.—You may therefore judge how agreeable it was to hear from your own hand, that you were still in time, and engaged in the Lord's work ;—and still more satisfactory to hear, that the Lord is making bare his arm, and bringing such numbers to himself. “ *O may he sweep the nations, shake the earth, till all proclaim him God.*” With regard to ourselves, we feel the Lord deepening his work in our souls. I never felt more determined to be the Lord's than at present. We had a precious time at the ending of the old year, and in renewing our covenant on the new. Both our dear preachers were in, and the divine power was felt in a very extraordinary manner. Thankful for our preachers: they are willing to spend and be spent for God ; and their dear partners are very precious women :—but Mrs. Wood cannot come forward to act in the work ;—but when you come we hope you will prevail.—We have no remarkable outpouring upon the outward hearers, but seldom a week passes but some are converted. The Lord is deepening his work amazingly in many. In the body band, near twenty persons spoke of having their souls cleansed from all sin. We have lately formed a select band, and trust it will be a blessing. Mr. Miller is particularly useful in this work. Remember, you stand engaged to see us in the course of the year—the sooner the better. You will still find a mother in my dear partner,—and Catharine will not easily forget you. With our own, and a great many dear friends' most affectionate love, we remain, as ever,

Your's, affectionately,

GEO. & J. CLARK.

In a letter from Miss Isabella Wilson, of
Sinnethwaite, near Wetherby, Yorkshire—to

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, mention is made of this revival at Nottingham.—Miss Wilson was then on a visit to Mr. Tatham's.

Nottingham, Jan. 2, 1800.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,*

— Bless God, I am well and happy. The work of God prospers throughout this circuit. It is three weeks to-day since sister Barritt came here. She is well received, and the Lord owns her labours. I was with her at Ratcliffe, about six miles from this place, from Friday till Monday. We had blessed times, especially at a class on Friday evening, when seven or eight persons obtained purity of heart. Glory be to God—his people here are rising daily! We often wish for you to come amongst us, to help us in the blessed work. Sister Barritt intends stopping here till about March; so I hope you will come to see us before long. I am sorry to say that Mrs. Tatham is in a poor state of health. She is very weak and low. She seems ripe for glory, though she can be ill spared. The church will find a great loss in her. When, however, I see a soul fit for heaven, I think, how much better it is to be there than in an afflicted body. The Lord help us to praise him for every dispensation of his providence towards us—for he is wise in all his ways. Mr. Bramwell is better of his lameness; so, he is driving about again. We have blessed news from all quarters, of the work of God spreading. Oh, for more faith in God, that formality may come to the ground. I see clearly how we have lost ground in our circuit—by yielding to man. I hope we shall learn something by what we have suffered. The Lord help us! I have often thought of you and the circuit. It has powerfully struck me, that if those who are alive to God, and have the spirit of prayer, and of faith in God, would meet together, and

* See the Life and happy Death of Miss Wilson, by J. S. Pipe. Sold by Mr. Kershaw, at the Methodist Book Room, London.

plead for a revival, I believe the Lord would answer them.—I think we do not sufficiently feel for the souls of those who are not happy in God. I hope you will unite with me in caring for souls more than ever. When I look back, I am ashamed of myself before God; but at present he blesses me abundantly—Oh, for a closer walk with him! this I feel determined on, with the new year. We shall soon have done with all below. Let us aim at the crown, and we 'shall seize it as our due.' We had two souls brought into christian liberty last night, and one obtained full salvation.

Your loving Sister,

ISABELLA WILSON.

1800. At Sutton, the Lord was with us: several penitents were brought into the liberty of God's dear children—the load of guilt was removed from their consciences.

From thence I proceeded to Blidworth, where some were awakened, and several backsliders healed. There had been a sifting here after the great revival, but the death of Mr. John Heath was rendered a blessing to this people.

I rode to Oxon, the 25th of January, and had a powerful time in speaking to the people: the power of God was present, to wound and to heal: several at this time, as well as on the sabbath-day morning, got much good.—At Calverton, in the evening, I had a blessed time in speaking to the people, and several found peace with God; especially, one woman got much good—a farmer's wife, from Epperstone; which instance, will serve to shew how graciously willing the Lord is to bless and save all who call upon him in truth. Her husband had given her full liberty to hear me, though he was very much opposed to her hearing the Methodist preachers. Some time before this, she usually attended the

preaching at Oxon, about two miles from Epperstone, and for her protection, took with her a favourite, faithful dog; which when her husband discovered, he took the dog into a wood, and shot it, though (as he told me afterwards) he would not have taken five pounds for it. After the meeting was concluded at Calverton, we returned to Mrs. R——'s, and while at supper, there was a rap at the door: Mrs. M—— rose and said, "I expect that is for me:" so it proved. She walked into the parlour to put on her things: I followed, and said to her, "Mrs. M——, if you be faithful to God, and to the good you have received this night, you will be the means of saving; not only your own soul, but those of your family too—but if not, I feel an impression that you will go down to hell, and your family too." She returned home behind the servant-man, and upon entering the sitting-room, her husband, without speaking a word, lifted up his hand, and knocked her down upon the floor. She rose up, and with mildness said—"Richard, I never was determined to serve God before to-night—but now I am resolved to save my soul: you may do what you please." He was immediately cut to the heart, and felt exceedingly at the thought of his base conduct towards one who had been a most affectionate and faithful wife for about sixteen years. He could get no sleep that night. In the morning he was very kind, evidently desirous of making some atonement for his base conduct. He told his wife, that he should like to see the *preaching woman himself*; and he actually galloped his horse nearly all the way to Nottingham, in hopes of overtaking us on the road.—From thence, I proceeded to Farnsfield: the people in general seemed as though they had been half asleep; however, they

heard with attention, and one found mercy. I returned again to Oxon, and in the prayer-meeting, after speaking, several obtained the favour of God. On the Saturday, we returned to Nottingham, where I spoke on the sabbath evening. We had a prayer-meeting afterwards, when several souls found the mercy of God, and some believers were fully renewed in righteousness.

On Tuesday, I rode to Ilkestone, and spake at night: many sinners were pricked to the heart, some cried out aloud for mercy, and a few were enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. The night following, we had a prayer-meeting, and more evident good appeared. From thence I went to Watnal, where I had a good time in speaking: two, that evening, found peace with God. The night following, I met a class, and had a gracious season: some were stirred up to seek purity of heart, and one found the Lord to heal all his backslidings. From thence, two of our friends accompanied me to Basford, to Mrs. Spencer's, where I felt much of God. I spoke in a large low place; but truly, God is no respecter of places, any more than persons: it is not at Jerusalem, neither on this mountain, where we are to worship God, but, praised be his name, the time is come when they that worship the Father, must worship him in spirit and in truth. Two or three found peace with God, in this place, at that time: one of them has since gone to glory. At night, I spoke at Bulwell, to a crowded congregation: the Lord manifested his presence, and good was done. On Monday evening, I came to Nottingham, and heard Mr. Bramwell, whom the Lord had often used for much good to my soul.

1800. On Tuesday, February 11, I went to *Wishall*: the Lord was present there: some

obtained his favour, and others went away under deep distress. I stopped a second night, and met a class: it was a good time; one man obtained mercy, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Here, I met with those eminently holy, and useful women—Mrs. Mary Harrison, and Miss Sarah Cox. Their conversation, appearance, and deportment were rendered a great blessing to me. They have long laboured, and suffered in the vineyard of our common Lord.* On Thursday, I was at good old Mr. Angrave's, of Hoton, a valiant soldier of the Lord. I laboured in the barn: a crowd of people attended, and looked as if they had never heard before. I felt the desire of my heart was with the poet,

“ O that my Jesus' heav'nly charms,
Might ev'ry bosom move,
Fly sinners, fly into those arms,
Of everlasting love.”

It was a gracious season, and some good was done. From thence we journeyed to Great Leek, to Mr. Angrave's, jun., where the Lord made bare his holy arm: some were awakened to a sense of their danger, and one or two found the pardoning mercy of God.—On the sabbath-day evening, many were wounded for sin, particularly two young men, who, as they came, were contriving how they should spend the sabbath following: one of them said to the other, *jocosely*, “ but how will it be if we should get converted to-night?” I spoke from—“ *The great day of his wrath is come, &c.*” They soon saw that in their present state they should not be able to stand

* If the reader wishes for any further information concerning these pious women, I refer him to—“ *Biographical Sketches of the lives, and public ministry, of various Holy Women.*”—By Z. TAFT.—Page 70—75.

the judgment with comfort: in the prayer-meeting, they both cried aloud for mercy, and both found peace with God. Afterwards, I mentioned to the friends, their conversation as they went to the meeting. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. All glory to God and the Lamb! Several others obtained mercy.

1800. My next journey was to Wimeswold, where Mr. Air, a clergyman of the Church of England, received me into his house. His dear wife was a member of our society, and he was exceedingly friendly with our people. I was led that night to speak from—I Peter iv. 18. "*If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear.*" There was an aged gentleman who had met with a hurt upon his leg, and so was confined, or he would not have attended the preaching—but the Lord is at times very mysterious in his providence, and his ways are past finding out: the Lord powerfully awakened this man: while I was speaking of the righteous and the wicked, he remained unmoved—but when speaking of the *ungodlike* character, he saw and felt himself unfit for heaven, and was convinced, that if death should find him in his present state, he should certainly be damned: he went home, but could get no rest that night: in the morning he came to Mr. Air's, entreating us to pray for him: Mr. A. did, with all his heart: Miss Cox—myself—and others wrestled with the Lord in mighty prayer in his behalf: the Lord answered, and blessed him with his sweet forgiving love. I shall never forget his language to me, and with what simplicity and strength of affection he acknowledged the instrument God made use of in his conversion. I have lately heard that he is still a zealous and useful follower of the Lord Jesus.—I spent that day in visiting

the sick, and in going from house to house. We had a fellowship-meeting at night, and several were under distress,—in particular, one blind young man: we prayed with him till he could rejoice in God his Saviour. This young man soon became a local preacher, and continues to this day. There were several more brought into liberty at the same time.

Church Fenton, Feb. 23, 1800.

MY DEAR M. BARRITT,

You are with a servant of the most high God—what a privilege! I hope you will come from his counsel, advice, and prayers, like a giant well refreshed. I see your calling, I think, clearer than ever, by reading Adam Clark's sermon in last January Magazine. He has made the word of God very plain—I would have you read it. I trust we are in your prayers. *Your children in the Lord* are still crying after you, and enquiring when you will come. T. E. says, he never goes to pray but you are in his remembrance. And what will please you most is, that he stands fast and is useful. Sister Coulson has changed for Simpson; I wish the world may be kept out of their hearts. May the Lord send you soon. I wish you could have no rest till you come. Mr. Rasin came on purpose to enquire after you. I thank our dear friends and you for an interest in their prayers. I stand in great need—as much as ever. O may you and I watch and pray! My wife sends her love to you, and says, we want you very much among us. My son William is holding on his way, but wants more life and zeal. Forget not Mr. Mather's advice.—Remember your motto.

I am, dear M.

Your's in Christ Jesus,

WM. ALLEN.

I then went to Willoughby, where the Lord visited the people; and from thence returned to

Plumbtree, and spoke to the people on the sabbath-day.—I have just received a very valuable letter from Mr. Emmett, who is travelling at Birstal, near Leeds. May the Lord bless him, and have him in his holy keeping; he is very urgent for me to visit him, immediately. But I see no way of escape at present, nor can I wish to remove hence, while the Lord is doing such a great work in this circuit.

March 9. I was at Eastwood, and spoke in Mr. Spencer's barn: the place was crowded, and many heard, weeping—and some obtained mercy through the blood of the everlasting covenant.—I preached at Heanor, at night, where several found peace with God.—On the Monday I spake at Brunsley, in a large stable. Here, a man came while I was speaking, intending to pull me down, but he soon had other work to do—for the Lord suddenly and powerfully laid hold of his heart, and he was brought to cry out for mercy.—At Eastwood, the day following, I was very happy in my soul, under a consciousness that the work in which I was engaged, had the special sanction and approbation of the Lord: I enjoyed sweet fellowship with the Father, and with his Son, through the eternal Spirit—and felt great love to poor sinners, insomuch, that I could have submitted to any thing to have promoted the glory of God, and the good of my fellow-creatures. May the Lord make me a thousand times more faithful with, and useful to, the dying sons and daughters of Adam! Why should any perish, since, the merit of Christ's atonement—the tenderness of his compassion—and the virtue of his blood, extend to the whole human family! My language to poor sinners, is with the poet—

" For you the purple current flow'd,
In pardons from his wounded side,
Languish'd for you the Son of God,
For you the Prince of glory died."

" Come O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin,
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in."

The following letter I received from Mrs. Baisden :—

Leeds, April 30, 1800.

MY DEAREST MARY,

I thank you for the blessed account you gave me of the work of God in that highly-favoured place where you now are.—Ride on Jesus, till the earth be filled with the glory of God ! But it cannot well be otherwise—three such preachers, and you, my dear, all laying out yourselves in order to win souls. O what wisdom ! May the Lord strengthen you all ! I have no doubt but Mr. and Mrs. Tatham are blessed helps to the work of God. Well, your reward is with the Lord. I was thinking to day, it is two years since you were first at Leeds. Several who were then brought to God stand steadfast in the *faith* ; but we have no such days now : alas ! we are grown very wise—we have no prayer-meetings after sermons—we think a fine long sermon best ; but I assure you, this is heavy work for some of us. My soul longs for the prosperity of Zion. We mourn, weep, and hope for better days. How I should rejoice to see you here, but you are in a warmer climate. My soul keeps alive ! I still love God with all my heart ! Bless his name, I feel I do, but I want to get into greater depths—to be saved to the uttermost—to have every thought brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ ! Do write to me : if you have not time, get Mrs. Tatham to write. I want much instruction : my classes are in a prosperous way : praise the Lord ! But O ! what wisdom is wanting to be a leader of souls ; but the Lord "*is made unto us wisdom, &c.*"—Your's, in the bonds of love,

SARAH BAISDEN,

1800. The following sabbath-day I spent at Ilkestone: several were brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light. I then held a meeting in a barn, at Cotmanhay, where some more obtained faith in Christ. My next journey was to Mr. Wilson's, of Cossall; and from thence to Nottingham.

* * * * *

Soon after this, my good friends, Mrs. Tatham and Mrs. Bramwell, accompanied me to Derby. There also, the Lord manifested his gracious presence, and his mighty power to save. We heard afterwards that several had joined the people who were awakened at that time.

My next journey was to Ratcliffe. Here the Lord was with us of a truth: several were brought to rejoice in Christ. Leaving this place, I went to Coppel, in the Newark circuit, which visit was productive of some good. From thence, I proceeded to Bingham, where one was brought to the knowledge of the truth. We then returned to Nottingham, to attend the love-feast.—I admire their plan here of conducting the love-feast, and quarterly meeting. They have them regularly once a quarter, when all the travelling preachers are present, and as many of the local brethren as possible; there being no preaching at that time within five or six miles of Nottingham. Numbers of the country friends attend the love-feast. They have preaching in the forenoon, and the love-feast begins at two o'clock; also, preaching in the evening, and a watch-night afterwards. One of the local brethren generally preaches the evening sermon, and the travelling preacher gives the exhortation. As many of the country friends as can, stop over the next day. The quarterly meetings, I am informed, are well attended; there being one friend or more present, from every place

in the circuit. They generally finish their temporal concerns in the forenoon, and hold a band-meeting after dinner. *That* evening also, one of the brethren preaches a sermon, and afterwards they have either another watch-night, or continue a prayer-meeting.

At the above-mentioned love-feast, much good was done—many souls were brought into glorious liberty.

I received the following note from Mr. Rutherford, a Wesleyan itinerant preacher:—

Sheffield, March 31, 1800.

DEAR SISTER,

I told you in Manchester that I should be glad to see you in Sheffield, and I am still of the same mind. I therefore beg you will as soon as possible come over and help us. The friends in Sheffield, and all through the circuit, will be glad to see and hear you.—There is an open door and a large field of usefulness, and I shall greatly rejoice to see you made the instrument of a revival of the work of God among us. Mr. Longden, from whom you will receive this, will second my request.—Wishing you much happiness and prosperity,

I am your's in the Lord Jesus,

THOS. RUTHERFORD.

* * * * *

1800. From Nottingham I went to Long-Eaton, where the Lord had lately revived his work in a wonderful manner, and where several more now saw it to be their duty and privilege to join the society. On the sabbath-day, I spake at Long-Eaton, in the forenoon, and at Stapleford in the evening: the Lord was present. Mr. Tatham preached at Stapleford in the afternoon, with much power: many were much affected on all sides. In the week following, I re-visited

Ilkestone: here, several more were brought to a saving knowledge of themselves as sinners, and of God, as reconciled through Christ Jesus. One of these has since begun to labour in the Lord's vineyard, and continues to preach that gospel he once despised. One woman that was brought to God at this time, was soon after taken to glory—died in the full assurance of faith. She was highly favoured with visions and revelations; and was very sensible of the presence of God, and of angels. All that were present in the chamber of death, felt unutterable things—the room was filled with the glory of God. How strong, and yet how true, the language of Dr. Young:—

“The death-bed of the just is yet undrawn,
By mortal hand. It merits a divine:
Angels should paint it, angels ever there;
There on a post of honour and of joy”—

yea—

“The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.”

The relation of the above circumstance had a strange effect upon my mind. I felt for a few moments like the elder brother in our Lord's parable of the prodigal son. I reasoned thus;—“this woman has been a slave of sin and Satan for many years, and has only been converted about a month;—that *she* should be so highly honoured for several days before her death, and that I, who have endeavoured to serve the Lord faithfully, from my thirteenth year, should never yet have seen an angel:—How is this?—when, all at once, my mind was satisfied with this intimation,—*Wait awhile, thou hast not died yet.*”

From thence I went to Estwood, where we held a love-feast: several obtained mercy through

the Lord Jesus. On the Monday morning, there came a beggar to the door, and no one being in the way, I went, and found a man with one leg: I asked him a few questions about the state of his soul, such as, whether he knew he was a poor fallen creature—a sinner before God?—to which he answered, with great propriety. I then asked him, whether he was not a hypocrite, expecting to get something more by answering me thus?—he positively assured me, that that was not his design, but that he felt what he said—had been brought up in the army—and given to much wickedness, which now lay as a great weight upon his mind. I invited him in—bade him sit down—began to converse with him more freely—and informed him, there had been several in this town yesterday, who had found their sins pardoned. He then told me, that he had lately come from Leicester—had attended the Methodist chapel there, when two (he believed) got that blessing—and added, “how happy should I be, could I but obtain it, or had I been one of them:” he seemed to despair of mercy, because of the number and magnitude of his crimes. I encouraged him to expect the blessing now, while we prayed: we kneeled down—he was truly in earnest for a present blessing—and we wrestled, Jacob-like, and like him prevailed; for the Lord spoke peace to his soul, and he arose rejoicing in the God of his salvation. Mr. Spencer, the master of the house, having seen the beggar come to the door, felt an impression on his mind to go on the highway side to hear what the man would say: he did so, and waited his return: he then asked him, “Have they given you aught at that house?” the man answered, “Yes, they have given me something for my soul—for had I died before I went in, I believe I should have gone to hell—

but if I die now, I believe I shall go to heaven." The poor man told the same story to several persons that day.

* * * * *

1800. Soon after, I was at Blidworth again: many were alarmed, and some found peace with God. I then laboured at Calverton, where some met us from Epperstone, and got awakened to a sense of their danger—but the clergyman was hugely offended, and breathed out threatenings, &c.; but Mr. M—— invited me to speak in his barn, having previously got the same registered according to the act of parliament. We had a good time at Calverton, the following night. When the meeting was concluded, Mr. N—— came to Mr. R——'s, where I was, (it being the second time he had ever heard a Methodist, and nothing but curiosity induced him to come now, for he had often said, and even swore, he never would hear the Methodists): he addressed himself to me, saying, "I wish to ask you a few questions: do you think there can be any harm in fighting a few cocks, and playing a little at cards?"—I replied, "Bless you, I scarce know what to say in reply; for I never saw a cock-battle in my life, and do not know one card from another—but, if you can lift up your heart to God in sincerity, and pray him to give his blessing upon your engagements, play and fight on; for I read, '*whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God*:'" I further said—"it strikes me, you have to be a Methodist preacher yet;"—his reply was, "if I have, pray God I may be a good one"—to which I did from my heart, say '*Amen*.' He stopped with Mr. and Mrs. M., and being a singer in the church, he soon learned some hymn tunes, and a few verses. The next day, Mr. and Mrs. R. accompanied me to

Epperstone, where we dined with Mr. N., and afterwards sung and prayed. We drank tea at Mr. M.'s. As we walked up the street, on our way to his house, we were accosted by upwards of a hundred people—men, women, and children, together : one sounded a french-horn, some blew cows' horns—some rung with fire-shovels, frying-pans, and pokers, &c. ; while others shouted so as to be heard a mile off.. The man who sounded the french-horn, was soon after awakened and converted to God, and became a class-leader. Another circumstance I cannot forget:—an aged woman shouted out of a window—"these are the soldiers which should have defended the town," (alluding to Mr. N. and Mr. W., who were in the cavalry) "and they are bringing the Methodists among us, are they ? curse on them ;"—immediately, Mr. N. struck up amidst the crowd—

" We are soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly,
We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fixt,
With Christ to live and die.

Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We'll cut our passage through,
Let foes unite, and friends desert,
We'll seize the crown our due."

Some of the mob, or their employers, sent others to set the bells a-ringing—but none of these things moved me, neither counted I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the work I knew the Lord had given me to do ; nay—I believe I was never so happy in all my life, as at this time. When we got into Mr. M.'s parlour, Mr. N. said to me—" I like all that I have seen and heard yet, but I am informed, you have dark meetings," (meaning class-meetings) " what are they ?" I told him, we would have one just then, if they pleased—

so, I gave out a verse of a hymn—sung—prayed, and spoke my own experience : then I spoke to them all round, according to their state in grace ; after which, we sung and prayed again : at the conclusion, our friend said, he liked this better than all the rest. The next morning, Mr. and Mrs. N. came to breakfast : I felt my heart much enlarged to speak, and explain the scriptures to them ; after which, the men took a walk into the fields. On their return, Mr. N. said, his mind had been so engaged, that he knew not where they had been—but this one thing he declared, from manifest conviction—“ if I die as I am, I am damned for ever.” In the afternoon, they accompanied me to Calverton, where I spoke that night, from—“ *He hath brought me up also out of the horrible pit, &c.*” Several cried out for mercy, and some found peace with God :—Mr. M. exclaimed aloud—“ praise God, I have got raised out to-night :”—they returned home, and Mr. N. said to his dear wife, “ come, let us go up stairs, I am going to do something I never did before in my life :”—“ my dear,” said she, “ what are you going to do :” he answered, “ I am going to pray to God Almighty :” he did so ; and the Lord soon broke in upon his soul—upon which, he rose up and praised God, “ *from whom all blessings flow.*” He went next morning, to inform his much-esteemed friend, Mr. M., and it being Saturday, they rode in company to Nottingham market. On their way, Mr. N. preached Christ to some they overtook. The day following, Mr. and Mrs. N.,—Mr. and Mrs. M.,—Mr. and Mrs. E.,—and Mr. W.—all came to Mr. Tatham’s. After tea, we had prayer, when Mr. E.—and Mr. W.—found peace with God. I spoke in the evening ; after which, we had a prayer-meeting : Mr. W. (who, when at Calverton, on the Friday

night, said—"I dare not let my wife be at a meeting like this, because of her weak body") now desired me to fetch that man with the strong voice, meaning Dr. Taft : * he came, and prayed with her, and she was soon enabled to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God : they all returned home, praising God with all their hearts. Soon after, I went and spoke at Epperstone, † in the barn before-mentioned. The wicked crowded about the place, and threw in stones and brickbats—but our God is above men, devils, and sin : he made bare his holy arm, and several obtained mercy ; particularly one man, who had been a considerable distance upon worldly business, and had come back by way of Epperstone, to meet his daughter. As soon as I began to speak, he began to tremble all over him, and thought he was dying, and dropping into hell : in the prayer-meeting, he cried out for mercy—and what was very remarkable, was struck blind, and remained

* In this very great revival at Nottingham, and in the neighbourhood all round, the Doctor's labours were very much owned of God. For simplicity, zeal, and faith in prayer, I scarcely ever met with his equal. He often pleaded with God for souls, for hours together, and seldom gave it up, till they were made happy. Soon after this, he gave up a lucrative profession, in which he had been extensively useful—for the infinitely more important employment of bringing souls to God ; in which blessed sphere of action, he moved for some years, with abundant and manifest success. After travelling *twenty-three* years, he died at Birmingham, January, 1823. For a further account of this blessed servant of God, I refer to, *Memoirs of him*, written by his son-in-law, Dr. Mc Allum.

† I esteem it no small honour, in being the instrument in the hand of God, of introducing Methodism into this village. One of our travelling preachers had attempted to preach in the street about a year before : he sang, and prayed, and then his congregation was dispersed by the very same persons that introduced me into the village. One of them kept a *bull*, which the *other* borrowed, and drove in among the people : I was informed, that the preacher went away weeping.

so for about three hours; during which time, he held fast by the barn-door, believing, that if he should let go his hold, he should immediately fall into hell. But, O the matchless mercy of God! the man was soon plucked as a brand from the burning, obtaining peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: his sight was then restored, and he exchanged an expected death and damnation, for pardon and a present inward heaven: he became so wonderfully happy, that he scarce knew how he got home to Edenstow. He thenceforward went on his way, praising God; and his family observing the amazing change which had taken place in him, and taking knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus,—his wife began to be powerfully wrought upon by divine grace, and was ultimately brought to the knowledge of the truth: also, two sons—one daughter—and a son-in-law. He soon got preaching to his house; and afterwards, fitted up a barn for the worship of God, and received the preachers from Retford. Since then, I have paid them a visit; and, if I mistake not, more than twenty had joined in society, from this small beginning. All glory to God and the Lamb!

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I omit, for the sake of brevity, and for want of time, many remarkable conversions to which I was witness in this neighbourhood—but I would note down one circumstance which occurred at Watnall, while I was speaking. One man came in, who had been a champion for the devil: he excelled his wicked neighbours in swearing, drinking, fighting, dancing, and cock-fighting, &c.: he came to make sport, and to carry back to his companions all he could remember: after speaking, we sung; and before prayer, as the people could not kneel down, I begged of them

to close their eyes while we prayed: this poor man thought within himself, "I will do as she wishes me," and his eyes being shut, he could see no objects to divert his attention, but soon saw himself a lost, undone, perishing sinner—and was brought to pray for mercy: he soon obtained it, to the joy of his heart: the Lord pardoned all his transgressions. Here, the work of God was revived, and this poor sinner, saved. This brand plucked from the fire, was soon made the leader of a class, and the Lord owned his labours of love, and abundantly blessed him in his own soul.

* * * * *

1800. Presently after this, I had a call to Newark, where I laboured with Mr. Hickling; and was at the love-feast, July 13: it was a precious season: many spoke, rationally and scripturally, of a saving work of grace upon their hearts, some of whom were from Epperstone. I spoke in the evening; it was a good time, and some found mercy. On the Monday, I rode to Plungar, and spake in a crowded chapel: I trust it was a time of much good to many.—From thence, I rode to Mr. Watson's: some here obtained mercy through Christ. I came back to Nottingham, and from thence proceeded to Ilkestone, to attend a love-feast: here, many more were brought to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God; and very many were added to the society, such as (I trust) shall be for ever saved. The sabbath-day following, I was at Griffydam, at a love-feast, with Mr. W. Harrison: several were much blessed.

After this, I was at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, where I had a blessed time in the morning. In the evening, I was obliged to speak in the open

air, to a crowd of attentive hearers : many wept, and the Lord was present indeed. In the chapel, afterwards, three or four that we knew of, found the mercy of God.—Some years after this, my brother Barritt travelled in the Burton circuit ; where, the wife of a respectable farmer informed him—that she had heard me preach at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in the open air, so many years ago, when she was awakened to a sight and sense of her sin and danger, which terminated in a sound conversion to God :—that she afterwards persuaded her husband to hear the Methodists—that he became truly pious—and that they had for some time taken in the travelling preachers. She also told him, that before they heard me, they were both strict pharisees, depending for salvation, upon going to church—reading the prayer-book—and a sort of preparation for the Lord's Supper, the week before it was administered.

From thence, a friend accompanied me to Hinkley, where I saw my dear afflicted friend, Mr. Thomas Shaw, a travelling preacher. I was much affected to see him so low and nervous : God for ever bless him for his advice and care over unworthy me ! Here, I was much pleased and profited with dear Mrs. Sargeant's company. I then returned into Nottinghamshire ; and on the 12th of October, was at the opening of a chapel at Normanton : it was a good time : two or three found peace with God. I shall never forget speaking, at this time, in the afternoon, from—“ *The Lord added to his church daily, such as should be saved.*” The amens of the people were like claps of thunder. The subject, was astonishingly exemplified : souls were indeed *daily* added to the church, and that not a few ; for, upwards of *five hundred* were added to the *Methodist society in this circuit, in one quar-*

ter—and several hundreds afterwards! With much feeling we used to sing with our poet—

“ Our conquering Lord
Hath prospered his word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.
His arm he hath bar’d,
And a people prepar’d
His glory to shew
And witness the pow’r of his passion below.

And shall we not sing
Our Saviour and King?
Thy witnesses, we
With rapture ascribe our salvation to thee.
Thou, Jesus, hast blest
And believers increas’d,
Who thankfully own,
We are freely forgiv’n thro’ mercy alone.

I returned from thence to Nottingham, purposing, early next morning, in company with Mr. F. Wilson, to set off for Yorkshire. I usually visited my parents once a year; but it being a year and a half since I had seen them, I became very uneasy, which increased from my mother’s earnest desire to see me. I mentioned this to Mr. Bramwell frequently, but he kept putting me off, making other appointments for me. I therefore determined to take the first opportunity of going away privately. We set off about five in the morning, and arrived in Doncaster that evening, just as the people were going to the chapel. Though very weary, and drowsy after my journey, having been up the whole of the preceding night, we went to chapel. I did not intend making myself known, as I wished to proceed on my journey next morning—but the two wives of the preachers, Mrs. Beaumont, and Mrs. Harrison, discovered me—who, with the friends, insisted upon our stopping one evening: we did so, and it was a time of power

and great glory. The day following, we arrived at Mr. Wade's, of Sturton. Here, for the first time, I met with that venerable man of God, Mr. John Pawson. On my entering the room, he rose up, and turning to Mr. Wade, said—"now, sir, you can dispense with my labours; since Miss Barritt is come, I will return to Leeds." Mr. Wade stopped him short, saying—"Miss Barritt is come, and I am glad to see her; but it is your appointment, and I insist upon you keeping your place"—upon which he sat down. Soon after, Mr. Wade began to make enquiries relative to the great work in Nottinghamshire:—I related some particulars which had come under my own notice. Mr. Pawson listened, and soon, tears begun to steal down his venerable face. After tea, Mr. Wade proposed prayer—upon which, Mr. Pawson said, "Miss Barritt will pray with us:—"I did so, and felt my heart much enlarged and blessed. Mr. Pawson prayed afterwards, and we had a good season. His prejudice against women's preaching, melted away as snow before the mid-day sun; and from this time he became my firm advocate and friend. He preached to us that evening, with the Holy Ghost; after which, we held a prayer-meeting:—he stayed with us the whole of the time, and rejoiced to see some brought into the liberty of the gospel. Next morning, he took Mr. Wade aside—and insisted upon a promise that he would bring me to Thorner—to meet him in a month's time, where he had to hold a love-feast. I consented to the arrangement, and proceeded on my journey to Colne, in Lancashire.

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After stopping a few days, I returned, according to a previous engagement, to Mr. Wilson's, of Warton-Lodge, with whom I have had many

precious seasons, when in the York circuit.—I then spent some days in Wetherby; and afterwards at Mr. Burrows's—where, I trust, some lasting good was done. After this, I met (according to appointment) that dear, aged, and venerable servant of God, Mr. Pawson—and spoke for him at Thorner, he being present:—we had a good time. In the afternoon, we had a love-feast, in which several souls were savingly brought to God: in the evening meeting also, some received good to their souls, and were enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. I then returned to Wetherby, and laboured with Mr. Ogilvie: some good was done at Tockwith, and other places.

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November 26, 1800. I went to Greenholm, in the Otley circuit,—where there was (what I call) a most precious sight, viz. a number of children, happy in the love of Christ. Mr. Whitaker, who invited me, had been made a blessing to them: the power of God was much present with us, and a few more obtained mercy.

I have received a letter from Mr. John Nelson,—dated Wakefield, December 28, 1800, requesting me to come over and supply his lack of service, *he* being confined by a hurt received on his leg. In this invitation, he assures me—that Mr. Gaulter, Mr. Gloyne, and the leading friends, are united. But, thank God, I have many more doors opened than I can go in at. Praise the Lord for this! Many are prepared to receive the *word of salvation*, by whomsoever sent.

At Burley, the Lord was present, both to wound and to heal. I returned to Tockwith—Warton-Lodge—and Wighill; at which places, some found pardon, while others got their backslidings healed: God's dear children also, ap-

peared much quickened, and raised. May God continue to bless the precious friends in that neighbourhood!—they are truly laborious for God, both at home and abroad, endeavouring to do good in every possible way. I have often felt, and could join the poet in those words—

“ Hereby we sweetly know,
Our love proceeds from thee,
We let each other go
From ev’ry creature free
Joyful to meet, willing to part,
Convinc’d we still are one in heart.”

* * * * *

In the course of my experience and travels, I have met with many things, which to myself and others, have proved very serviceable in several cases of bodily affliction: and as I have ever felt it my duty to do all the good in my power, to the bodies as well as to the souls of my fellow-creatures, I have made these things known, both by verbal and written communications; and have often administered to the speedy relief of suffering patients—which relief has been gratefully acknowledged.

Having come to the close of the first part of my journal, I feel disposed to embrace the opportunity this circumstance affords, of recommending a few useful remedies to my readers, especially the *poor*, who may be in circumstances to which the remedies apply; and more especially, as in general they may be procured without either much trouble or expense.

For a Sprain.

1. Bath the part in good crab-verjuice.
2. Or, with hot vinegar and water, fifteen minutes, twice a day.

3. Or, mix a little salve turpentine, (as much as will lay on a sixpence) with flower and the yolk of an egg—spread the mixture on the rough side of a little allumed leather, and apply the plaister to the part. This last, cured me in a desperate case; having had to walk on crutches for six weeks.

For Sore Eyes.

Take, a halfpenny-worth of white copperas, and dissolve it in a pint and a half of spring water. Bottle it—and take two table-spoonsful at one time into a tea-cup, and air it. With a little linen rag, bath the eyes before the fire, for five minutes, three times a day. This has been known to cure, when all other remedies have failed.

Worms.

“A child may be known to have the worms, by chilliness—paleness—hollow eyes—itching of the nose—starting in sleep—and an unusual stinking breath.”

For a child of four or five years old, take, a small pill of succotrine aloes, going to bed; *two*, for persons up-grown; and in the morning, take a tea-spoonful of Epsom salts in warm water. Let this be repeated twice a week for a fortnight.

For a Cough.

1. Syrup of squills, and paragoric elixer—equal quantities.

2. Or, take 80 drops of laudanum—90 drops of tincture of tolu—3 drachms of syrup of squills—2 ounces of water, all mixed. Take one small tea-spoonful at going to bed.

3. Or, yolk of an egg—a spoonful of coarse sugar—a spoonful of oatmeal—the size of a walnut of butter—a pint of boiling water. Mix them all up together, and take a table-spoonful occasionally.

For a Sore Throat.

1. Suck a little saltpetre :

2. Or, saltpetre, sugarcandy, and spermaceti, equal quantities, bruised in a mortar.

For Hoarseness.

1. One drachm of the fresh-scraped root of horse-radish—4 ounces of water—8 ounces of sugar. *Directions*:—Heat the water; infuse the root with the water, for two hours; with the sugar, make it into a syrup. Take a tea-spoonful at any time.

2. Or, half a pint of new milk—half a pound of suet. Dissolve the suet in the milk. Drink it warm.

3. Or, 5 drachms of sulphurated oil—1 drachm of oil of anniseeds. Put them together in a bottle. Take *ten* drops on sugar, three or four times a day.

For a Consumptive Cough.

1. As many *watercresses* as will produce half a pint of juice—half a pint of best vinegar—8 ounces of brown sugarcandy—3 pennyworth of paragoric.

Directions. Obtain half a pint of watercress-juice, by pounding the cresses in a wooden bowl, to a *pulp*, and then squeezing the juice through a *muslin* or *lawn* cloth. Boil the juice, vinegar, and sugarcandy in an iron pot, to a thin syrup. Add the paragoric, and bottle it for use. Take of the mixture, *two tea-spoonful* whenever the cough becomes troublesome.

2. Or, one pound of honey—a glass of rum—and a tea-spoonful of oil of olives. Mix together, and take a table-spoonful occasionally.

Consumption.

One scruple of quicksilver—6 grains of ipecacuanha, powdered—half a drachm of rhubarb—20 drops of oil of carraway-seeds—mucilage of gum-arabic, sufficient to form a mass of the whole—1 drachm extract of aloes. *Directions*. Make a mass of the whole. Divide it into 24 pills. Take 2 pills a day, until done.

2. Or, yolk of an egg—a table-spoonful of honey—table-spoonful of oatmeal; all well mixed. A pint of boiling water poured upon it, and well stirred up. Taken for supper every night.

For a Violent Cold.

1. Take, 25 drops of antimonial wine—and two

tea-spoonsful of paragoric elixer, in a little water, at bed-time, putting your feet in warm water.

2. Or, one gill of best white wine vinegar—a quarter of a pound of brown sugar—one glass of Rum.

Directions. Boil the vinegar to half a gill. Add the sugar, when almost boiled; then add the wine. Take it *night and morning*.

3. Or, one gill of best white wine vinegar—one egg—half a pound of sugar—half a pound of honey—half a gill of sweet oil—half a gill of rum.

Directions. Put the egg into the vinegar, and let it remain in until the shell is quite eat off, which will require 24 hours. Boil all together for the space of 10 minutes, except the rum, which add afterwards. Take a table-spoonful twice a day, till done.

For Pain in the Bowels.

1. Take, 1 ounce of tincture of rhubarb, and 20 drops of laudanum, for a draught.

2. Or, 6 tea-spoonsful of castor oil, with 10 drops of lavender.

3. Or, 12 grains of rhubarb—one drachm of magnesia—3 pennyworth of peppermint. To be taken when the pain is bad, or bowels costive.

Child's Bowels.

Oil of almonds, and syrup of violets. A tea-spoonful at once.

For violent Pain, either in the Bowels, or elsewhere, arising from Cold, or Rheumatism.

Take, 6 grains of Dover's powder (sometimes called compound powder of ipecacuanha), and the same quantity of powdered rhubarb, mixed with a little water, every four hours. If the bowels are too open, omit the rhubarb.

To promote Digestion.

Three pennyworth of cream of tartar—3 pennyworth of flower of brimstone—1 pound of treacle. Mix them well together. Take a tea-spoonful three times a day.

(a) *A full Emetic, for an up-grown Person.*

Two scruples of ipecacuanha powder—2 grains of emetic tartar. Mix these, and divide it into three equal parts, for three doses—one dose at a time.

A gentle Emetic, for a Child.

One scruple of ipecacuanha powder—1 grain of emetic tartar. Mix these, and divide it into three equal parts, for three doses—one dose at a time.

(b) *Another.*

Ipecacuanha, 1 scruple—tartarized antimony, 1 grain.

(c) *A Pill to be taken at Bed-time, after an Emetic, for Cleansing the Bowels.*

Calomel, 2 grains—opium, 1 grain.

(d) *A Powder to be taken in the Morning.*

Rhubarb powder, 15 grains—calomel, 2 grains.

* Note at bottom.

For Opening the Bowels.

1. Take, of aloes—and castile soap, equal quantities. Powder the aloes, mix well with the soap, and make it into pills. Take 2 pills at once.

2. Or, take 4 drachms of asafœtida—3 drachms of soccotrine aloes—4 drachms of julep. Make into pills, and take 2 at bed-time.

* Note. One dose of the above-mentioned *Emetic*, marked (a)—or the one marked (b)—and the *Pill* marked (c) and the *Powder* marked (d) are all to be taken within sixteen or seventeen hours, when the stomach and bowels are in a state of disorder—as follows:—the *Emetic* at six in the evening, the *Pill* at bed-time, and the *Powder* about ten the next morning. If the *Pill* taken over-night does not operate freely after you have got up the next morning, it will be needful to assist it with an ounce of Salts,

A Receipt for keeping the Bowels in good Order.

Two ounces of flower of brimstone—2 ounces of tartar—2 ounces of Epsom salts. Boil them in two quarts of water, to three pints. Take a wine-glassful before going to bed.

Another.

Ipecacuanha, 10 grains—compound rhubarb, 1 drachm—calomel, 5 grains—tincture of rhubarb, a sufficient quantity to make 20 pills. Take 2 at bedtime.

Bilious Complaint.

Quarter of an ounce of powdered rhubarb—quarter of an ounce of castile soap—half a quarter of an ounce of powdered ginger—25 drops of oil of juniper. With simple syrup, make it into moderate-sized pills. Take 2 now and then.

Sickness, to cure.

Spirit of ammonia, about 20 or 30 drops, in a tea-cupful of water. If not at hand, take the same quantity of hartshorn.

For the Ague.

Take, 1 ounce of the best Peruvian bark, in fine powder—1 drachm of nutmeg—half an ounce of black pepper—2 scruples of salt of wormwood—2 scruples of snake root, in fine powder—and 3 ounces of simple syrup. Mix all together. At first, if the ague be bad, take a table-spoonful, three times a day, in red wine, or ale.

A Salve, for Sores.

Rosin and frankincense, 1 pound each—black pitch, 3 quarters of a pound—white pitch, bees'-wax, and mutton suet, half a pound of each—3 pennyworth of mastic. Mix all together—add 4 table-spoonful of olive oil, and 3 pennyworth of Venice turpentine. Boil half an hour; strain through a cloth; and work it as shoemakers do their wax. This will generally cure green wounds, at once dressing.

A Pleasant and Cheap Beverage.

Three quarters of a pound of treacle, to a gallon of water—and half an ounce of cream of tartar. Boil the water by itself; pour it on the cream of tartar, and treacle; put about 2 glasses of gin to a gallon, and a few lumps of sugar, when bottled off. This is very useful in cases of dropsy.

Another—To make what the druggists call Pop.

Cream of tartar, 4 ounces—ginger, bruised, 6 drachms—sugar, 2 pounds and 4 ounces—boiling water, 3 gallons, infused till it is about new-milk warm—then add one quarter of a pound of yeast; stir it up, and let it stand ten hours; filter it through flannel; after this, let it stand about two hours. Bottle it in very small stone bottles, and tie, or wire down the corks. It will be ready for use in about 24 hours.—N. B. It will keep only a week or ten days.

Another—Bran Beer.

“To a quarter of a peck of sweet wheat bran, add three handfuls of hops, and ten gallons of water. Boil the whole together, in a copper, until the *bran* and *hops* sink to the bottom—then strain it through a hair sieve into a cooler, and when lukewarm, add two quarts of molasses or three pints of treacle, if thick. This will be sufficient for a 9 gallon cask. Before you pour in the liquor, which must be done as soon as the molasses or treacle is melted, put two table-spoonsful of good yeast into the barrel. When the fermentation has subsided, bung the cask close up, and in four days it will be fit for use. If you should choose to bottle any part of the beer, it will be much improved by so doing, and will be ready to drink in 6 or 7 days.”

(This was copied from a newspaper.)

Another—Ginger Beer.

One ounce and a half of ginger—1 ounce of cream of tartar—1 pound of white sugar—1 table-spoonful of yeast. *Directions*: Let the ginger be well bruised; put the ginger, cream of tartar, and white sugar into an earthen vessel; pour on the boiling water; let it

cool ; add the yeast ; let it stand till morning ; skim it ; bottle it, using good sound corks, and securing them with twine or wire. Keep it three days in a cool place before you begin to use it.

Another—Soda Water.

One ounce of tartaric acid—1 ounce of carbonate of soda. *Directions:* Divide the tartaric acid into 12 or 16 parts, and put them into *blue* paper ; divide the carbonate of soda into 12 or 16 parts, and put them into *white* paper. Fill a tumbler-glass *three parts* full of clear drinking water ; fill also a wine-glass *half full* of clear drinking water. Put the carbonate acid into the tumbler-glass of water, and the tartaric acid into the wine-glass of water. When dissolved, put the latter quickly to the former, and drink it off hastily.

Another—Ginger Wine.

To every gallon of water, 3 pounds of moist sugar—1 ounce of ginger, bruised—the rind of one lemon, pared thin. Boil them together half an hour ; skim it well ; put it into a tub, and let it stand until it is just warm. Add half a pound of sun raisins—and a little yeast, good. Stir it well every day, for 8 or 9 days—put in 4 ounces of isinglass. If Seville oranges can be procured, put one *whole* into the barrel, pierced with a fork, with the rind on.

Receipt for Blacking.

Ivory black, 2 pennyworth—sweet oil, 1 pennyworth—sugar, a quarter of a pound—the white of an egg. Mix all together, and then put in a pint of sour ale.

Another.

Ivory black, 1 quarter of a pound—treacle, 1 quarter of a pound—sweet oil, 1 pennyworth—vitriol, 5 drachms. *Directions:* Mix the ingredients well together, and then add a quart of beer.—(Or, leave out the vitriol.)

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